

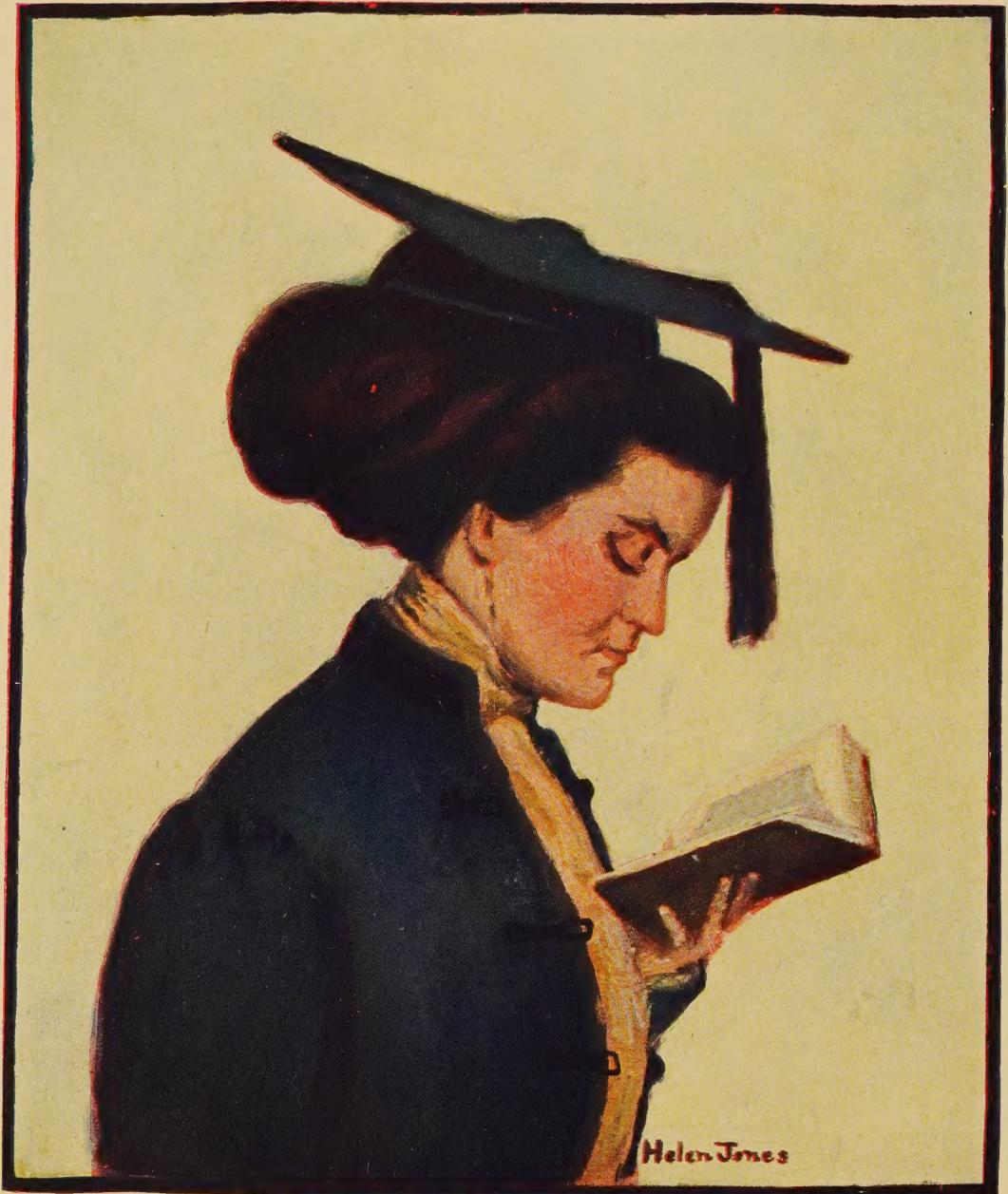


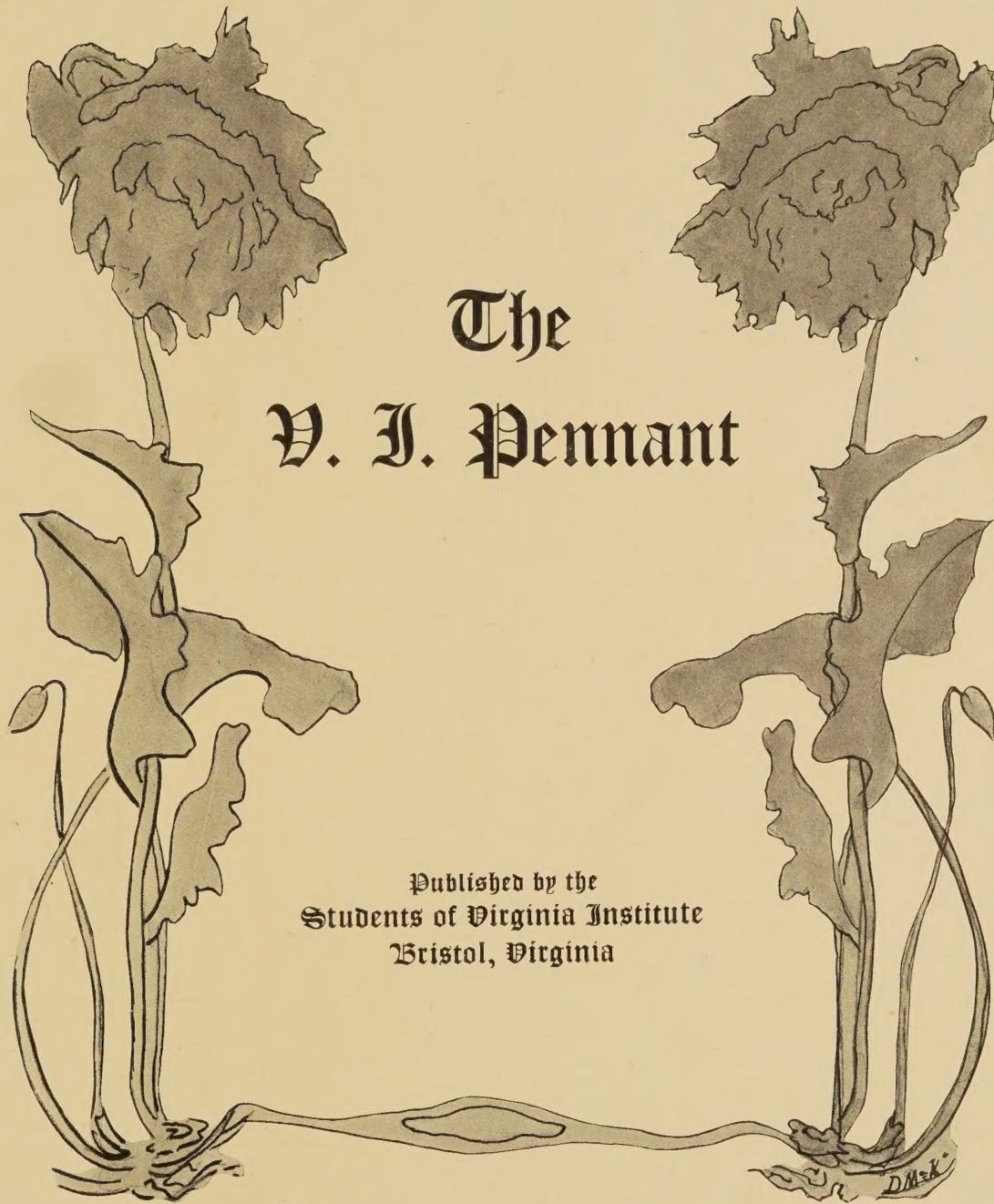
THE  
PENNANT  
1910





*Katherine Stotely*





# The V. I. Pennant

Published by the  
Students of Virginia Institute  
Bristol, Virginia

D. M. & K.



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## To Virginia Institute

Her building crowns the hill crest  
With the old oaks standing 'round,  
And there, like a small Parnassus,  
The muses nine abound.

They bring their gifts of poetry,  
Of science, song and art,  
And other gifts which make our school  
So dear to every heart.

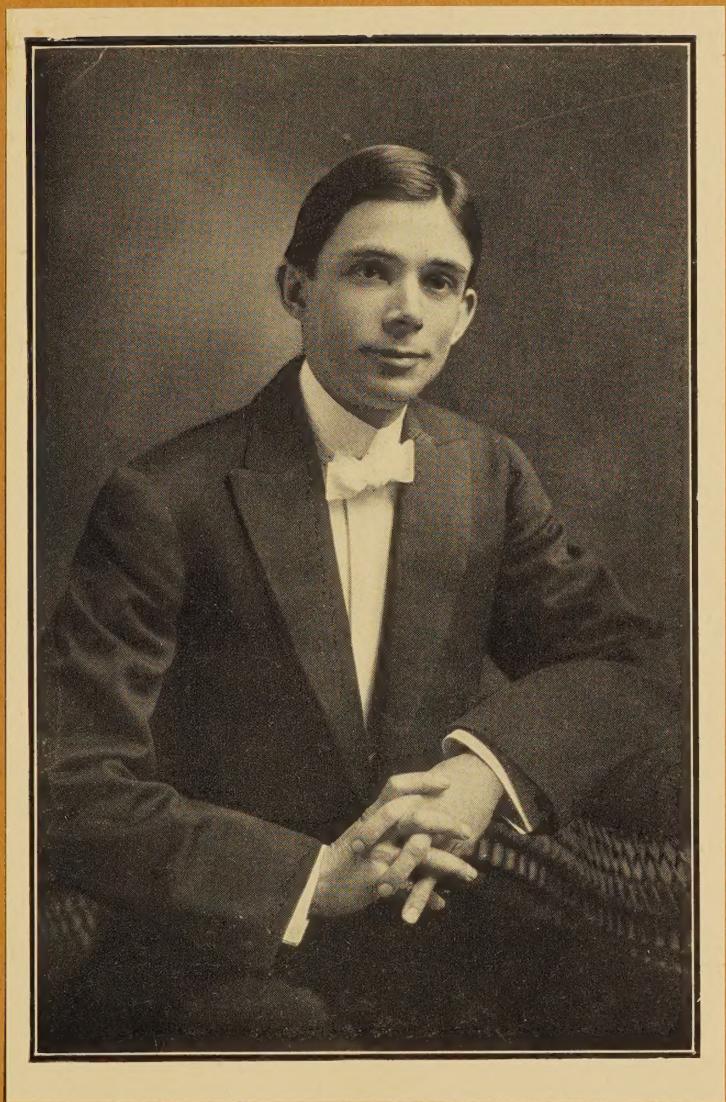
She's brought us many happy hours  
And friends both tried and true;  
She's taught us things we'll ne'er forget,  
Life's hardest lessons, too.

She's made us all have kinder hearts  
And deeper minds and souls.  
She's made our ideals higher,  
Pointed us to nobler goals.

Oh, other schools may greater be,  
Have fame beyond dispute;  
But none can ever be so dear  
As Virginia Institute.

So here's a health to old "V. I."  
In our hearts o'er all she towers,  
And though she may not perfect be,  
We love her, for she's ours!

To  
Dr. Horace Leonard Jones  
the student's friend, this  
volume is lovingly  
dedicated





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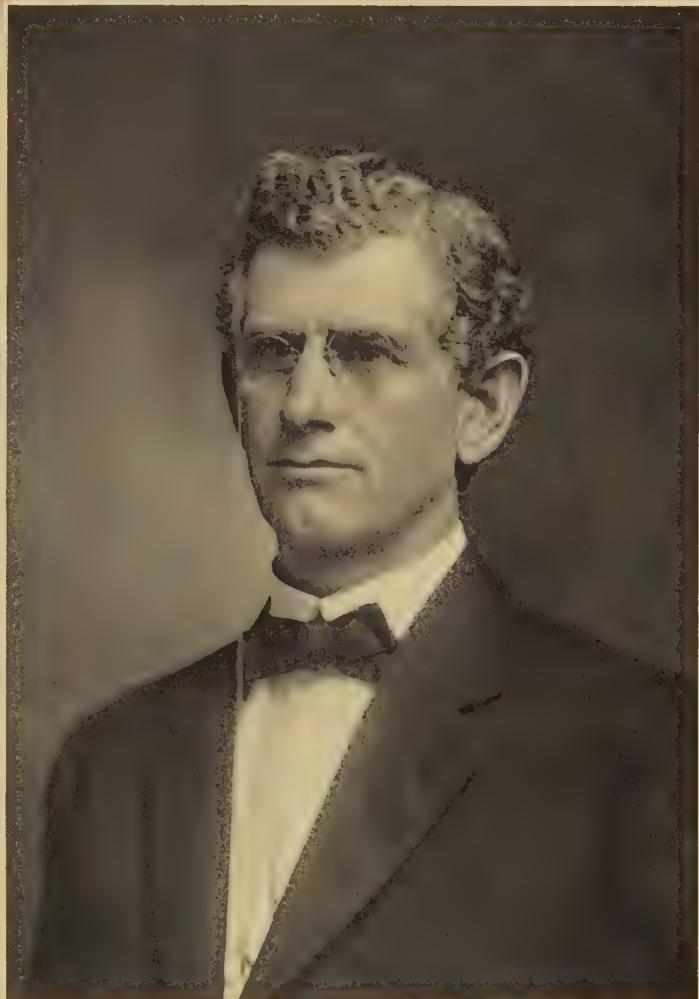
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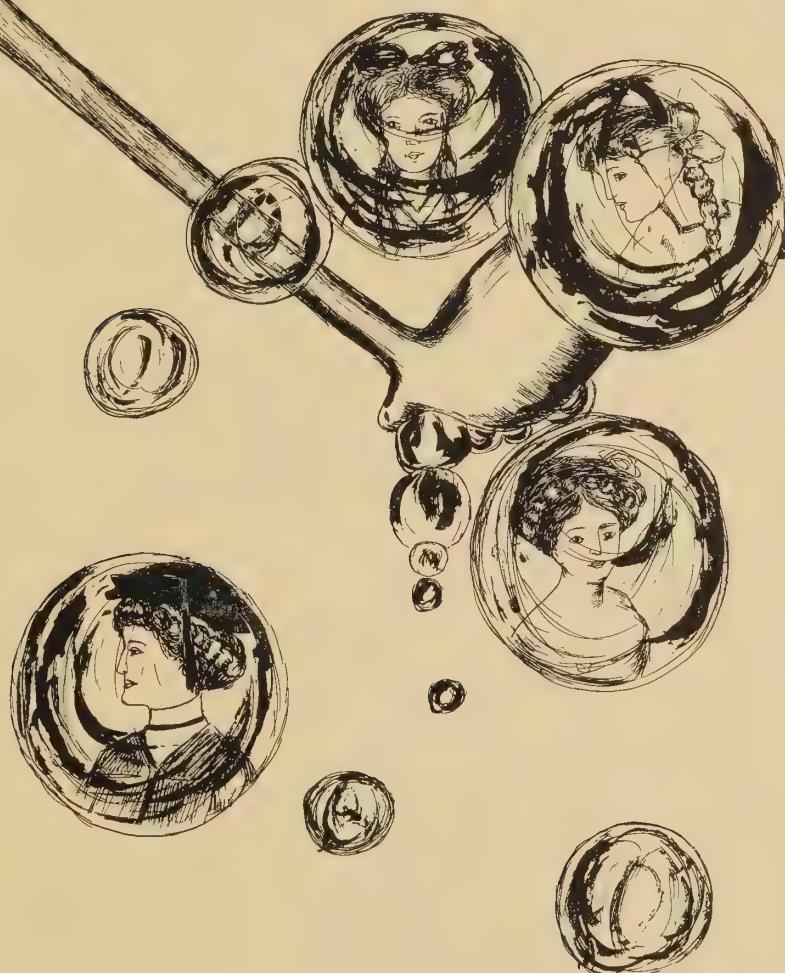
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# Class 1910

2

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RHEA HUNTER . . . . . *Vice-President*

HELEN JONES . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*



ANNIE AARON, Bristol, Virginia

M. A. Graduate

*“An unborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance;  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.”*



HELEN JONES, Reidsville, North Carolina

M. A. Graduate

*"Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete; so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."*

President, Alpha Tau Zeta, '09-'10  
Vice-President, E. L. S., '09-'10  
Vice-President, Art Club, '09-'10  
Secretary and Treasurer, Senior Class, '09-'10  
Librarian, E. L. S., '09-'10  
Vice-President, Carolina Club, '09-'10  
Art Editor of *PENNANT*, '09-'10



EMMA STODDARD, Staunton, Virginia

M. A. Graduate

*"A woman mixed of such fine elements  
That were all virtues and religion dead  
She'd make them nearly, being what she was."*

Assistant Editor of PENNANT, '07-'08  
President, E. L. S., '07-'08  
Secretary, E. L. S., '08  
President, Old Dominion Club, '08-'09  
President, Tau Sigma Delta, '08-'09  
Editor-in-Chief of PENNANT, '09  
Valedictorian, '09  
Alumnæ Editor of PENNANT, '10  
President, Tau Sigma Delta, '10



MOLLIE HEATH CONN, Hazlehurst, Mississippi

B. A. Graduate

*"I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die."*

Secretary, Sophomore Class, '07-'08  
Vice-President, E. L. S., '08  
President, E. L. S., '08-'09  
Assistant Business Manager of PENNANT, '08-'09  
Critic, E. L. S., '09  
Captain, Crimson Crackerjacks, '08-'09  
President, E. L. S., '09  
Vice-President, Mississippi Club, '08-'09  
President, Junior Class, '08-'09  
President, Alpha Tau Zeta, '08-'09  
Critic, E. L. S., '09-'10  
Editor-in-Chief of PENNANT, '09-'10  
Salutatorian, Class '10



KATIE SUE MORRIS, Morristown, Tennessee

B. A. Graduate

*“Angels are painted fair to look like you.  
There’s in you all that we believe of Heaven,  
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”*

President, Class, '05-'06  
President, E. L. S., '05-'06  
Manager, Tennis Club, '05-'06  
President, E. L. S., '09-'10  
President, Big Four Club, '09-'10  
Critic, E. L. S., '09-'10  
President, Class, '09-'10  
Valedictorian, Class '10



ELIZABETH SNODGRASS, Meadow View, Virginia

B. A. Graduate

*"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."*

Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '08  
Treasurer, H. L. S., '08  
Athletic Editor of PENNANT, '08-'09  
Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '08-'09  
Vice-President, H. L. S., '09  
Vice-President, Class, '08-'09



E. FRANCES ABBOTT, Belfast, Maine

English Graduate

*“A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving or more loyal never beat within a  
human breast.”*

President, H. L. S., '08-'09  
Critic, H. L. S., '08-'09  
Vice-President, Athletic Association, '08-'09  
President, "500 Club," '09-'10  
President, Stragglers' Club, '09-'10  
Secretary, German Club, '09-'10  
Athletic Editor of PENNANT, '09-'10



HATTIE JANE ANDERSON, Seven Mile Ford, Virginia

English Graduate

*"No thought which ever stirred a human breast should  
be untold."*

President, H. L. S., '09-'10  
Critic, H. L. S., '09-'10  
Vice-President, Y. W. C. A., '09-'10  
Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '08-'09  
Recording Secretary, H. L. S., '08-'09  
Treasurer, Y. W. C. A., '08-'09  
Librarian, H. L. S., '06-'07  
President, Virginia Club, '09-'10



CALLIE JOHNSON NORTH, South Carolina

English Graduate

*“Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her  
very look.”*

Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '08  
President, Y. W. C. A., '09-'10  
President, H. L. S., '10  
Class Historian, '10  
President, Carolina Club, '10



HATTIE LOTT, Meridian, Mississippi

Expression Graduate

*“She’s beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:  
She’s a woman; and therefore to be won.”*

President, Athletic Association, '08-'09  
President, Athletic Association, '09-'10  
Vice-President, "500 Club," '09-'10  
Secretary, E. L. S., '08  
President, Mississippi Club, '09-'10  
President, Alpha Tau Zeta, '09-'10  
Captain, Senior Basketball Team, '09-'10  
German Leader, '09-'10  
Vice-President, Big Four Club, '09-'10  
Critic, E. L. S., '10  
Vice-President, E. L. S. '09  
President Curry Club, '09-'10



SUDIE SPINKS, Meridian, Mississippi

Expression Graduate

*“She was a form of life and light  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye  
The morning star of memory.”*

Treasurer, E. L. S., '08  
Secretary and Treasurer, Curry Club, '08-'09  
Vice-President, Mississippi Club, '09-'10  
Vice-President, Curry Club, '09-'10  
Advertising Editor of PENNANT, '09-'10  
Secretary, E. L. S., '09-'10  
Vice-President, Alpha Tau Zeta, '09-'10  
Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '09



ROBERTA GOOD, Bristol, Virginia

Piano Graduate

*“And whether coldness, pride or virtue dignify  
A woman, so she’s good, what does it signify.”*



SARAH MARTIN, Bristol, Tennessee

Piano Graduate

*"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."*

Assistant Advertising Editor of PENNANT, '09-'10



ELIZABETH MCCHESENEY, Bristol, Virginia

Piano Graduate

*“Noble by birth; yet nobler by great deeds.”*



MARGARET ROLLER, Bristol, Tennessee

Piano Graduate

*“Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.”*



LILLIAN RHEA HUNTER, Johnson City, Tennessee  
Voice Graduate

*"As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed eternal as  
the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,  
A sound which could not die."*

Vice-President, Special Class, '07-'08  
Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '07-'08  
Secretary, Tennessee Club, '07-'08  
Vice-President, E. L. S., '08-'09  
Treasurer, E. L. S., '08  
Secretary, Junior Class, '09  
Associate Editor of PENNANT, '08-'09  
Secretary, Tennessee Club, '08-'09  
Vice-President, Senior Class, '10  
Music Editor of PENNANT, '10  
Vice-President, E. L. S., '09  
Secretary, Choral Club, '09-'10



SAMUEL THEODORE SCHROETTER, Bristol, Virginia

M. A. Graduate

*"His years but young, but his experience old;  
And in a word (for far behind his worth come all the  
praises that we now bestow)  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good graces to grace a gentleman."*

## Class Poem



**C**ACH heart that truly seeks shall find,  
In that far larger life to which we now shall go,  
A place designed for it by the all-embracing love  
Of Him, who, infinite in wisdom, planned it so.

To us may it be given to serve  
Where e'er the need is greatest, not for all  
Can glory, fame or honor tell our worth;  
To give our best, expecting little in return  
Save that quiet happiness which inevitably comes  
To those who greatly love.  
And if the praise of men may sometimes greet our ears  
Or if in humble places, little known to men,  
Our narrow paths may lead, still to us may it be given  
So to live that, when at last we lay the burden down,  
It may be said of each, "She loved her fellowman."

## Class Day

\*

**M**ORNING tints the faint-hued sky,  
Of this last day ere we part,  
All that sorrow owns shall die  
And only hope live in the heart;  
For hope is seen in everything,  
In flowers that bloom, and birds that sing,  
In happy dawn that soon gives way  
To a glorious day!

In life's morning we are met,  
All is fair and clear and bright,  
Sorrow claims from us no debt,  
For hope shall always guide us right;  
In wisdom given from above,  
In life lived out in perfect love,  
Our happy dawn too shall give way  
To a glorious day!

# A Manifesto

\*

ISSUED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS TO THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA INSTITUTE:

We, of the Senior Class of Virginia Institute, in order to preserve the prosperity of this great institution, to establish justice, to provide for the common defense of the Senior and Sophomore Classes, to secure certain privileges and liberties for ourselves and our sister class; do draw up and publish this Manifesto or edict.

**TITLE I.** In taking a general survey of the interests of our beloved school, with reference always to its best good, the first thing that impresses us is the fact that we should be devoutly thankful for the "Blessing" we do now enjoy.

**TITLE II.** Our school with a few trivial and unhappy exceptions has enjoyed a term of peace, has had a very "Pure Year" free from any discord and strife and now at the close of this scholastic year we are made to feel that the aim and chief desire of its governing body is the happiness and success of its pupils.

**TITLE III.** The policy of the Senior Class in its relations with other classes has been most liberal. In the mutual exchange of their respective courtesies they have always been prompted by feelings of good-will and unselfishness. Agreeing with the policy of the Senior Class, the under-graduates have entered into a solemn alliance with the said class to absolutely abstain from and to always discourage any "Organized Disturbances" that would tend in any way toward the injury or downfall of our respected school.

**TITLE IV.** The Class of 1910 has sworn to take under its protection and care, the Sophomore Class of Virginia Institute, and any encroachment upon their liberties will be taken as a personal insult to the Seniors and as such dealt with to the full extent of the law. A great "Mis(s) Fortune" has come to that class during the year and to the said class we, the Seniors, extend our heartfelt sympathy. If, in the course of their career, they find it expedient to rid themselves of this "Mis(s) Fortune," they may without hesitation appeal to this class for a "Lott" of "Good" advice.

**TITLE V.** Recognizing the fact that we are first in rank and entitled to the privileges and homage of this school, we decry any effort on the part of our hereditary enemies, the Juniors, to usurp our privileges. Indulging in no passions which trespass on the rights of others, it has always been the true glory of the Senior Class to preserve peace, but in view of the strained relations existing between the two classes, it is better that the peace which hitherto has been our pride should at last be broken. And so, war to the death will be formally declared on the Junior Class if these usurpations of our exclusive privileges do not cease at once.

**TITLE VI.** Our policy may briefly be stated in the following: To cherish peace and friendly intercourse toward teachers showing corresponding dispositions; to prefer in all cases amicable discussions of all class fights, and reasonable accomodations of all disputes about

lovers, to exclude from our class all complainers and "Teacher's Pets"; to foster a spirit of independence, listening enthusiastically to teachers' advice but never heeding it; to maintain toward the teachers a sweet and bright disposition although inwardly we may hate them; to talk in class even if we do not know the subject of the discussion; to borrow money from the undergraduates; and, if possible, to secure a Sophomore crush.

TITLE VII. As we are about to go out from this great institution of learning and it will lose the enlightening influence of our presence it becomes us to advocate certain reforms which we do hereby recommend:

REFORM 1. Our "Lion" is getting careless of late about his mane and we hope that in the course of the next few weeks to see it as formerly hanging to the ground in luxuriant tresses. There is a "Hunter" in our midst who with proper encouragement might become a Lion-tamer. So for our Lion, we recommend a different course of conduct lest he become ensnared in the toils of this "Hunter."

REFORM 2. To the head of the culinary department of this school we recommend less expenditures and less extensive menus. It must be remembered that school girls have very delicate constitutions, and a great variety of rich foods, such as we generally have set before us, is liable to result in evil effects. The luncheons especially should be curtailed and for this meal we recommend hash, more hash!

REFORM 3. We hesitate somewhat in making this next recommendation and if carried out will probably deprive the future Seniors of leisure hours that we have enjoyed this year, but as we are here to accomplish great reforms we hereby ask the administration to give the next Senior Class more work, much more work. As the members of the glorious Class of 1910 haven't had half of their time taken up, we feel that in justice to the other girls something more should be planned for the Class of 1911.

REFORM 4. We also suggest to the patrons and friends of this school that there are still two or three books lacking in our "great" library that could possibly be used in the work here. Any liberal minded and generous-hearted philanthropist could engage in no nobler nor higher act than to present our library with these books and thus make it the most extensive and best selected library in the United States.

REFORM 5. This reform we hold to be absolutely necessary although we advocate it with all due respect to our revered faculty. We hold it as unfair and unjust for the faculty as a whole or any member of it to enter into any feasts, spreads or TurkeyTrots to which the members of the graduating class are not invited. As we have taken it upon ourselves to maintain the dignity and honor of this school we insist that every member of the faculty agree to enter into an alliance with the students not to engage in any "Organized Disturbances." If this is not agreed to we shall find it incumbent upon ourselves to look into the matter more fully and in all cases to preserve order at any cost.

REFORM 6. Knowing that it will be deemed expedient by all and feeling this to be a great duty of ours, we hereby advocate the *most radical* reforms in the conduct and manners of the members of the Junior Class. Their conduct is officious, unwarranted and unbearable and we feel it to be presumption in them to even so much as feel themselves worthy of being noticed by the Seniors. We insist upon a more humble and submissive spirit among them, that their bearing toward the Sophomores be more haughty and let them remember that they occupy an inferior position in this school and should not aspire to receive homage due a Senior. We know they admire the Seniors and we commend this in them, but let them be careful not to take this commendation as encouragement to further liberties.

REFORM 7. As we know our respected science teacher to be very bashful, we advise him to "take to the tall timbers" and flee to the "Wood" to escape the snares set for him

by designing spinsters at Virginia Institute. As he is always looking for a match in the laboratory, we recommend to him a "Wood"en match which will probably be as good as any he can get unless he finds one in the little "Hall" of this school.

TITLE VIII. And, now, in conclusion, let us adjure both the Faculty and students to observe and abide by this Manifesto. Feeling that we have been faithful in the discharge of our duty to our co-sufferers, we most humbly and respectfully sign ourselves,

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our seal on this April Fools' Day, one thousand, nine hundred and ten.

SENIOR CLASS.



# The Magic Mirror



**I**HAVE had an adventure; such a thing is so unusual that perhaps you do not believe it, but listen and I will tell it to you. I have always had an irresistible desire to go into every old or abandoned house that I saw, and once I was glad I allowed this longing to conquer my better judgment.

One beautiful September afternoon, as I was walking along a country road, I happened to see an unfamiliar and apparently unfrequented path that extended into the woods. I decided to follow it and see whither it led. Oh! it was beautiful, the tall elms that arched overhead, the red plumes of the sumac and the green luxuriance of the wild vines which glorified stone walls, broken down fences, and fallen tree trunks. So I lingered along this forest road while the shadows lengthened and the afternoon waned, when unexpectedly I came to a clearing in the wood. In the midst of this was a house, not a small, weather-beaten, wooden structure, but quite a mansion built of stone. Near the door was a rose bush, stunted and neglected with one beautiful yellow rose on it which I broke from its stem. Besides the old rose-bush there were other garden favorites struggling with the weeds for a livelihood and their share of the sunshine. Passing around to the back of the house I found the old apple orchard, but this, like everything else about the place showed the neglect of many years. But these external marks of habitation were not satisfying and the mystery of the house still attracted me, so I proceeded to investigate its inner secrets. Returning to the front I ventured up the steps. The front door was large and hospitable, and above it was a fan-shaped glass, cracked and seared by the sun and rain of many years. I put my hand upon the knob, hardly daring to hope that I could enter; it opened at my touch and there I was on the threshold with the spacious hall and long winding stairs before me. As nothing prevented my tour of inspection, I stepped in with an assumed air of proprietorship. It was broad daylight; the sunshine streamed in freely through the broken windows, so there were sure to be no ghosts, for no self-respecting ghost walks around in the daytime. The hall extended through the house, finished with carved wainscoting black with age. The thing that most strikingly attracted my attention was the number of mirrors and the unusual places in which they were put. I was rather frightened to see my reflection staring at me from every angle, but I was not going to be scared anyway by my own image, I thought, so I bravely turned to the door at my right and entered. Evidently the room had formerly been a parlor, but it was vacant now, except for the mirrors that lined the walls. I hastily retreated and tried another door but here I met the same fate. In fact, although I went the full length of the hall, and opened every door, I could find nothing but a multitude of mirrors, square mirrors, round mirrors, oblong mirrors and diamond shaped mirrors. This was, indeed, the house of a thousand mirrors.

I peeped up the winding stairway, it looked interesting and mysterious, so I bravely mounted. I opened each door inturn, but always that confusing array of mirrors, confronted me. I was about to descend, disappointed, when I noticed that the end of the hall was round and jutted far out from the walls; perhaps there was a door. I ran my hand down the carved wainscoting and soon I felt something that might have been a knob; breathless with excitement, I turned it. The walls flew back. It was a door. The room I had entered was smaller and more dismal than the others and the usual display of glass was missing. It was absolutely empty except for a smoky old glass, which was very quaintly framed. I put out my hand to rub the accumulated dust from it; as I did so, the little spot that I had rubbed became so clear and sparkling that it almost dazzled me; it so fascinated me that I could not draw my eyes away. As I looked I could see a figure, which certainly could be none other than myself, walking slowly back over the beautiful path I had come. There were no windows in the room, so this could not be a reflection. I rubbed another spot and saw an image of the curious shaped mirror itself. Oh! I understood; it reflected the object of my thought.

My mind rapidly went over the friends whom it would be interesting to see, and, almost instantly, I thought of the Class of 1910. I called a name aloud and rubbed the glass, a scene was promptly presented.

Driving along a country road was a buggy containing a pretty young lady whom I immediately recognized. But why did she get out of the buggy with that little satchel? There was a huge boulder nearby which was her objective point. As she approached the rock she quickly produced some painting materials, and with a few deft strokes, a little Dutch girl appeared there; a few letters were added which produced a most vivid advertisement of "Dutch Cleanser." So Miss Jones had joined the ranks of the women workers and had chosen this work so that she might be sure to have her art recognized. With this glimpse into the life of a former schoolmate, the glass became blank again, but another name coming to my mind brought a new scene. It was a big canvas tent crowded with people. The picture was so vivid I could almost smell the saw dust. A circus was in progress, and high up on the tight-rope was Emma Stoddard, gravely balancing herself, while her lips moved in singing her usual pathetic ballad, the audience applauded wildly. Emma's ambition was to gain the approval of the public and without doubt it had been realized.

The obedient mirror again responded to my thoughts. This time it was a street which by its tall buildings and crowded thoroughfares I judged to be in a great city. Two burly policemen could be seen leading a woman between them, a fiery suffragette, her sleeves rolled up and her hat falling unheeded from her head. It was astonishing to see Annie Aaron in such a predicament, but the public enthusiasm had swayed her, and she was fighting bravely for her rights.

I hastily rubbed the glass again. A large reception room became visible. It was crowded with guests, the ladies faultlessly gowned in yards and yards of satin and chiffon. Quite the most imposing figure was Katie Sue Morris, grown stout and commanding. Diamonds flashed in her hair, on her fingers, and brilliantly ornamented her dress. As she majestically swept along, I noticed a little man shambling along in her wake, who up to that time had been totally

eclipsed. To see him was to pity him. What terrible treatment he must have received to wear an expression so utterly humble and down-trodden. My heart melted with sympathy for this small, bald-headed, hen-pecked piece of humanity, as the formerly gentle Katie Sue turned towards him with a menacing expression which could come only from a domineering wife. Her outward appearance showed how recklessly she spent the man's hard earnings. I turned from such a pitiful sight, but my interest was figuratively, on tip-toe, so anxious was I to learn the fate of the friend whose name I now called. I did not wait long until my curiosity was appeased.

I saw a large handsome room, which judging from the hundreds of books lined up against the wall, I took for a library. The furnishings were considerably marred by immense blots of ink, which almost covered everything, even the ceiling. The authoress was seated on a very high stool before a desk from which a veritable shower of written pages were falling. These came from her pen so rapidly that while I looked, almost enough fell to compose a book. Mollie Heath naturally enjoyed writing, but as Editor-in-Chief of the ANNUAL her gift had developed almost into a mania and soon she would rival Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth in the quality and quantity of her productions. I caught myself dodging the ink which she used so freely, and when I looked again there was only my own reflection.

Eager to go on with these revelations, I rubbed the glass vigorously. A dressmaker's shop took shape in the mirror. Over the head of the proprietress a sign hung which read—"Whole Dresses Made While You Wait." In the few minutes that I watched, this marvelous dressmaker made a coat-suit from uncut material, and handed it to the waiting customer who seemed perfectly satisfied with the result. Elizabeth Snodgrass had developed her ability along this line to an unheard-of degree.

Anxiously I waited for the mirror to show something of interest. An immense gymnasium was reflected, and before a large class of athletic young ladies, Callie Johnson was pirouetting about, teaching them intricate dance steps. There could be no greater surprise in store for me than this. Whoever would have thought those harmless physical exercises Callie took every afternoon on the second floor porch would result in this. But I was still led on to new revelations.

I could see through the opening into a tent situated on the midway of some fair grounds, and there was Hattie Anderson seated on a throne-like structure. A nearby placard acquainted the public with the fact that perpetual motion had been discovered. Hattie's tongue was the illustration.

This interesting scene vanished only to give place to another, a congested street corner, and the policeman who stood there directing the traffic was a woman, Maggie Roller. It was quite a shock that she should have invaded the ancient domain of man to this extent, but there she stood with a most formidable billy firmly grasped in her right hand.

I rubbed the mirror again. There was nothing to be seen but black night. I rubbed another place and had no better result. I was beginning to think that the spell had been broken when, upon looking more closely, I discovered the interior of a dark and dismal chapel. A flickering light burnt at the altar and by this I could distinguish the figure of a nun, kneeling

and with bowed head, slowly telling her beads. Poor Birdie; we all knew she was "Good," but we had hoped that she would not always be so.

The next scene that the mirror revealed was exceedingly sad. In a padded cell of an insane asylum, sat Elizabeth McChesney, before a table, working her fingers wildly. There were deep grooves in the table made by the poor lunatic who thought that she was practicing on the piano.

This pitiful sight faded away, and was followed by a school-room scene. Evidently it was in the mountains, for there were long wooden benches hacked by the knives of boys now grown men; a rusty barrel stove stood in the middle of the room, the windows were dingy with the dust of months and perhaps years. It was altogether an unattractive place. School was in session for the seats were filled with bare-footed youngsters of assorted ages. My interest centered upon the teacher, a thin angular woman, in severe and out-of-date black garments that hung in straight lines. Her hair was "skinned" back and twisted into a small hard knot. There seemed to be a perpetual frown on her forehead and she glared menacingly at her small charges. Who would ever have thought Sarah Martin would choose such a vocation; but here she was terrifying her pupils with a brandishing ruler.

Perhaps the next picture would not be so unpleasant. I rubbed the glass and immediately saw a large crowd gathered around that well-known and much-abused band of people, the Salvation Army. There was the man who was vigorously playing a screechy old horn; and several women, one of whom stood near in her little blue bonnet and gazed pensively at the performing musician. In this calling Sudie Spinks had a good chance to talk with the general public, and her weakness for the musician was to be expected.

This scene quickly dissolved into that of a large jewelry store. It was Tiffany's, and behind the big plate glass lay all kinds of shining gold trinkets and precious stones. On the outside of the window, her face pressed against the glass, was a dowdily dressed, old-maidish looking person, gazing longingly at one of the objects. I easily recognized Hattie Lott and I knew that a "Lockett" claimed her attention.

There was just one more name on the roll of that wonderful Class of 1910. So I anxiously gazed into the mysterious depths of the magic mirror which had already revealed so much to me. It was an humble scene, a kitchen in a New England home, large, airy and clean. The beautiful young mistress of the house, with sleeves rolled up and flushed face, was making bread. A jolly, fat little man appeared in the doorway—I supposed him to be a grocer. Certainly he was not an artistic looking affinity, and his hair was not in the least long. I will never be able to understand why Rhea Hunter made such a choice.

I turned away from the mirror with a sigh, then a smile at the fate of my dear old school friends and fell into a deep reverie. A great crash brought me back to the present like a flash. I rushed out to find the cause of this noise. I had left one of the doors open and a draft blowing through, had twisted one of the mirrors from its hook and it had fallen to the floor.

Slowly I traced my steps back over the creaky old stairs, down the mirrored hall, out once more into the forest. It was past sundown and I dared not let darkness catch me in this lonely place, for in a house that contained so wonderful a mirror, might there not be mysteries more to be feared?

Class 1911

# Class of 1911



FLOWER  
*American Beauty Rose*

COLORS  
*Crimson and Grey*

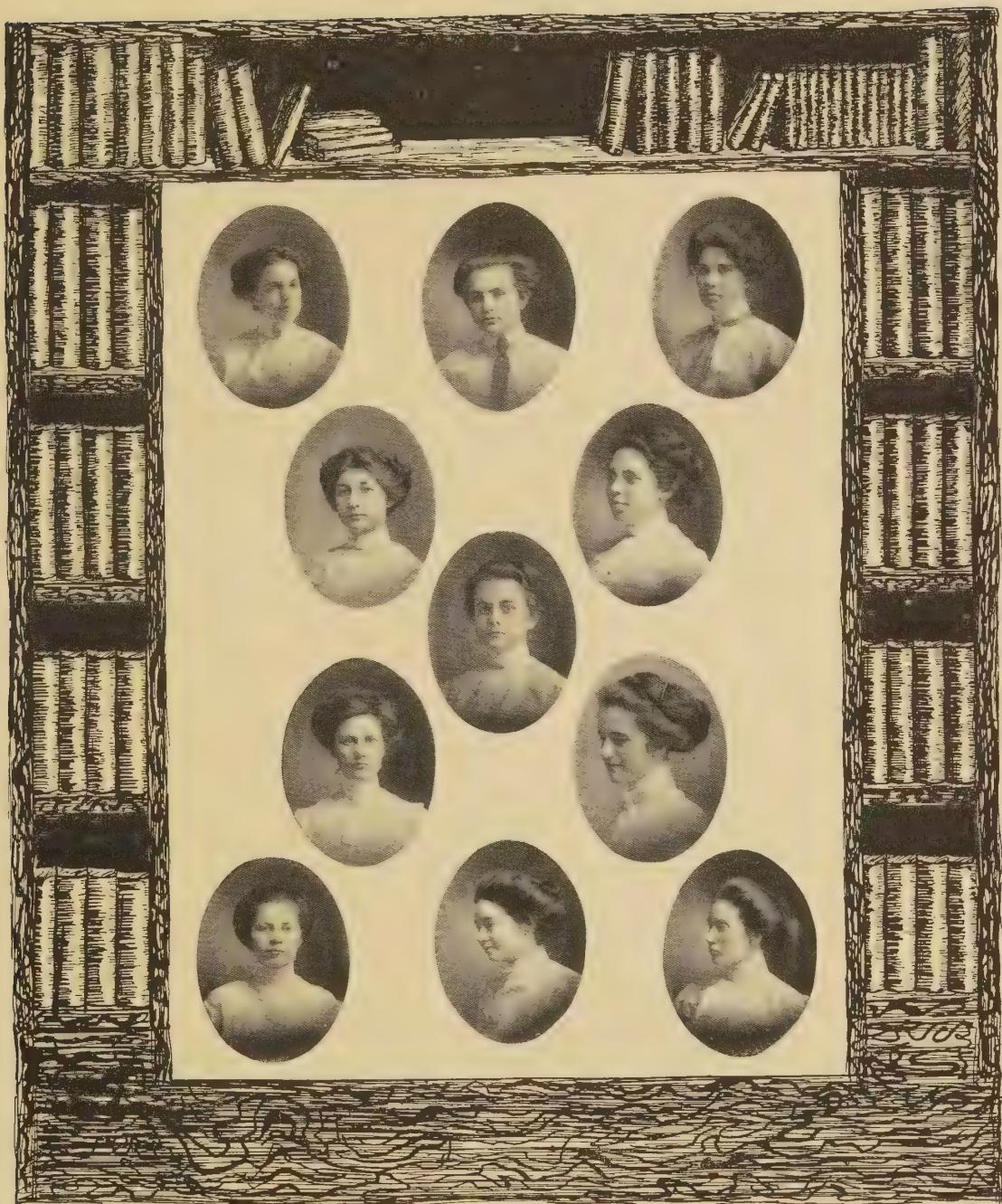
MOTTO  
"Add to virtue knowledge"

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MARGIE SHUMATE	Vice-President
MABEL MORRIS	Secretary
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DENTON MCKEE	Artist

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JEAN WATSON	MABEL MORRIS
BLANCHE CLARK	NETTIE MAHON
DENTON MCKEE	WINNIE BROWN



## Junior Class Poem

\*

**W**ITH hearts full of love, all fast bound together  
By strong ties of friendship, which time ne'er can sever;  
We, the Class of Eleven, have struggled and fought  
Towards the goal of our dreams and realization we sought.

It entices us on, and gleams with strange power,  
Like a will-o'-the-wisp, more attractive each hour;  
Yet unlike the weird night fires, that vanish away,  
Ambition glows steady as bright as the day.

It beckons us onward, to put forth our best,  
For base metals crumble, and stand not the test.  
Our lives, shaped and moulded with noble ideals  
Is the clay of the potter, who impresses there his seals.

Yet should we grow weary, our path hard and straight,  
We will see silver linings, not rebel at our fate;  
For the lesson to learn that is hardest of all,  
Is to rise with a smile after every great fall.

So let us go on with our hearts in our work,  
To accomplish each deed, never thinking to shirk  
Then our shadowy dream will at last come to pass,  
And a Senior will be every one of our class.

MABEL MORRIS

## The Reformation

**B**UT, Eleanor, just think what it will mean to you! This is your last year. Why not include in it the very best that comes along? You already know what it is to be a Sigma Pi. Why, Eleanor, there is no end to the honor of it.

"Yes, Betty, I realize it more fully than you may think. I know it's an honor, the greatest you girls could confer on me just now and I appreciate it from the very depths of my heart. Through all of last year it was my desire and ambition to be one of you—it wasn't possible then, but now that the honor is offered me and the ambition is about to be realized, it does seem rather hard to have to deny myself."

"Oh, but you aren't going to deny yourself this opportunity—come, reason just a little bit, Eleanor. Camille doesn't need or want you half as much as we do. We love you, everyone of us. What is this child to you, or you to her? You have done your very best by her. All of the training in the world wouldn't make her anything else than the little wild animal she is. Her place is out in the woods or on the plains, not in a school like this. She's even past reforming, I believe. Why, Eleanor, she monopolizes all of your time, you never have any to give to us. She has actually made you her servant, she has made your life one stormy scene ever since she has been here. Go to Miss Barton, tell her that Camille is impossible and that you are going to leave and come with us."

"But, Betty, don't you think Camille really cares something for me?"

"Oh, of course she loves you. She is, in her own selfish way, devoted wholly to you. But what is her love compared to ours? She loves you because you humor her, because you are her slave; she doesn't even consider your companionship. Think of our glorious little sisterhood in the Sigma Pi if you come to join it; think of the good times, the happy surroundings over in our own building, and the absolute freedom. There's the bell, I must hurry! Now don't forget dearie, we shall expect your final "ye" by eight o'clock tomorrow evening. A whole night to dream over it! Good-bye, until later—you will come around alright."

Eleanor Harris was in her Senior year at Weslyn College which she had entered during the previous session. Her welcome there had not been an especially hearty one for the "new girl" was looked upon as reserved and far too distant to cultivate. Beyond mere politeness the girls had let her alone. Coming from a Western state where friendships with girls had been rare, the art of making new friends was foreign to her nature and her inborn reserve tended only to make it the harder. But once to know Eleanor Harris was to know her forever as the dearest and best friend on earth. It was Betty Hunt who had first found this out and had won her friendship. Then as the others gradually grew to know her better they felt the fear of her presence drop off and soon found that they too, loved her. So Eleanor grew in popularity until she became a general favorite.

One day, at the beginning of the new term, she had been summoned to the principal's office and the latter had told her of a new girl who was coming. "Eleanor, now that Helen

isn't coming and you are without a room-mate and since this child is coming I want you to take her in with you instead."

"But Miss Barton, since Helen isn't going to return I had planned to room alone and this"—

"Yes, my dear," interrupted the elder lady, "I suppose it does seem rather contrary to your plans that I should propose such an arrangement. But listen, this Camille Eliot, is only fourteen, and is being sent here to be, in a measure, reformed. She is without a mother and has been from infancy. I knew her mother, a sweeter, gentler, and more quiet little woman I have never known. The father is just the opposite in nature. He is rather fiery and impetuous. With deep regret he considers Camille wild and uncontrollable. The fact is, he has never really known his child nor has she known him, consequently the love that comes from understanding is unknown to both. You readily perceive the child's disposition. A friend advised his sending Camille here, so she is coming, but with the condition that she is to be placed with one who will influence and lead her rightly. My dear, I am looking to you to do this thing. I do not doubt that you will find it hard, you may find it even impossible to do her any great good. It will depend almost wholly upon whether she cares for you or not; now won't you try and do what you can?"

"Why, yes, I'll take her, Miss Barton, and I'll see what I can do, though I think the day of miracles is too far gone to recall."

That had been in September; this was the middle of December. It had been one long hard battle for Eleanor to win the child. When the latter had first come Eleanor had regarded her as an impossible problem, as one which would have no solution. Nevertheless, she was determined to concentrate all of her energy upon the taming of this seemingly wild child. So it had been that she had devoted most of her time to Camille and had missed some good times with the other girls, all to what avail? Eleanor thought over all of this as she was left alone; she now felt the utter failure of the attempt, discouragement had its grip on her soul. What gross injustice that she should have to continue to bear what she had already borne! Now that she had been asked to join the Sigma Pi, what should she do? The Sigma Pi was the most flourishing sorority (local) and was composed of girls who were leaders in Weslyn College. The question came, should she give up her heart's desire? To become a Sigma Pi would mean to move over to the other building, but then what of Camille? She would doubtless be thrust in with the younger set and then what? The more the girl thought of the matter the more bitter grew the resentment of having to give up that which she had longed for most. No, she wouldn't give it up; she would give in her answer on the next evening in the affirmative. Fifteen minutes later a neatly written note lay sealed upon Eleanor's desk, ready to be delivered on the morrow.

The door suddenly burst open as if from a storm without and a girl ran in.

"Oh, Eleanor, you can't guess what is going to happen!"

"But Camille, do calm down a little, dear."

"But Eleanor, it is great news. Papa is coming—yes, tomorrow and maybe he's going to take me away with him!"

A thrill passed over Eleanor's soul, here was a happy solution to her problem.

"Eleanor, did you hear? Maybe I'll have to go away! He is going out on the ranch, where I'll have no companions, no girls, no friends, no good times. Oh, how I hate it!"

"But Camille, why should he wish to take you out there?"

"Because—because—just to keep his word. He is going to be disappointed in me when he comes and finds me still bad. He told me when I left him that if I hadn't reformed when he got ready to go out there that I would have to go with him. But Eleanor," and the younger girl moved nearer the older, "I guess I just can't reform. My badness is born in me but if

it had not been for you I don't know where I would have been now. It's terribly hard to try to raise one's self without a mother. You've kind of taken her place lately—you've meant lots to me and you've changed my way of thinking. But papa won't see any change in me, because it's not on the outside, it's in my heart and he won't look there, he won't understand, for he doesn't love me as you do."

"Yes, my dear, he will understand," replied Eleanor as she drew her arm about Camille. "You and I will make him look on the inside and see. And he isn't going to take you away either, you're going to stay right here with me and, Camille, you are going to learn to know and love your father better."

"But Eleanor, you won't be here to help me when he comes."

"Won't be here?"

"No, I'm going to move tonight over with Marie. I moved some of my things over this afternoon while you were out. Marie told me that she had heard it rumored that you were soon to become a Sigma Pi and that I would have to get out of your way, so I'm going." Then she crossed over to the window and looked out on the quietly darkening world. Eleanor went quickly to the younger girl's side and drawing her arm about her, said, "No, Camille you are not going and I'm not going either. We're going to stay right here together and help each other."

After Camille had retired, Eleanor stood before the bright, blazing fire while a quiet smile of satisfaction gathered over her determined face. "And I was selfish," she murmured, as the last bit of the white note darkened into ashes.

"Girls," it was Betty Hunt, the President of the Sigma Pi, who stood before her assembly on the following evening, "now I've told you all, just the plain facts as they were given to me by Eleanor herself. Girls, it is Eleanor Harris whom we want now, whom we must have. We need her right here in our midst to show us the way of unselfishness; we need her to show us the meaning of true friendship and devotion. Then she paused for a moment as she looked over the eager faces of the group before her, "we need a pledge—one who shall help us to be sisters to others than ourselves and, 'lest we forget,' one who shall remind us that we have had and still have a mother's love and care to make us what we are. We've all been selfish in ourselves; we haven't accomplished what we should; we have judged too rashly; we have censured wrongly. It is time to reform. Girls, you have heard me. Who shall this pledge be? With one accord all gave answer, 'Camille Eliot!'"

KATHERINE TRUMBULL.

**C**HERRY blossoms swaying in an April scented breeze,  
All the country smiling to the hum of busy bees,  
Blue skies gaily watching over greenest hills and leas,  
For spring has come!

Trees that sway no longer with their perfume-laden boughs,  
Drowsy drone of bees crooning soft, new lullabies,  
Fields that lie at rest 'neath cloudless summer skies,  
Spring has come!

E. L. S.

Class 1912

## Class of 1912

## MOTTO

*“Labor omnia vincit”*

## COLOR

### *Lavender and White*

## FLOWER

## Passion Flower

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JOHNSTON, MATTIE	Virginia
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MCGHEE, HELEN	Mississippi
MARTIN, LENA	Virginia
SITTON, LUCY	Tennessee
SHELTON, ELIZABETH	Virginia
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STOKELY, ELIZABETH	Tennessee
SMITH, WILLIE	Mississippi
SCHWATKA, MARGARET	Maryland
WILLIAMS, GLADYS	Texas
WILLING, EULA	Tennessee



L.A.F.

## Indian Ruth



**I**T was in the early days of New England when our forefathers lived on the frontier and battled with poverty and the Indians for an existence, that little Ruth Esser gave a May party to her wee friends. The children were playing in a grove at the edge of a woodland, which was not far from their home. Ruth was bubbling over with delight, flitting here and there gathering wild flowers and each moment straying farther into the woods. The children were playing in groups and Ruth was not missed until the hour came when they must go home. Then, when all were settled in the hay wagon and merrily chatting about the happy time they had spent in play, they suddenly found that Ruth was not among them. They immediately scrambled down and went in search of her, loudly calling her name, and in their excitement running into the woods as far as they dared. They and their chaperon searched in vain, and, at last, the terror-stricken band of children was compelled to go back to their homes with the heart-rending news that Ruth was lost. Her father and mother grew frantic as the days passed with no trace of her. They gave up all hope of her return and mourned her as dead, devoured by some wild beast of the forest.

Ruth was not dead, but living and happy. On the eventful day of the party she had gone off in quest of flowers, and finding a beautiful yellow butterfly, she had chased it far into the woods, heedless of where, or how far she went. At length, growing tired, she fell down on a mossy plot by the path, and child-like, was soon fast asleep.

She was awakened by the beat of approaching horse hoofs. Starting up from her sleep she saw coming toward her a band of Indian warriors. Even had she known her danger, she could not have escaped, for the Indian chief, Black Brow had seen the beautiful child and ordered one of his men to dismount and capture her. When it was dark they left the woods and sped across the northern border to their reservation. Black Brow took Ruth to his wigwam, where through kindness and indulgence she soon forgot the surroundings of her early childhood and became as an Indian. She regarded the chief's squaw as her mother and played with the Indian children contentedly. Sometimes doubt and wonder would take possession of her mind when she looked at her own white skin and golden curls in contrast with the dusky color and coarse black hair of those whom she was taught to regard as sisters, but not once did she think that perhaps she was of the "whites," so hateful to her Indian friends. Indeed, she had been told so many stories of their treachery and cruelty by her red-skinned mother that she would have resented being called white.

At an early age, Ruth was taught to ride and manage her horse skillfully. Because of her beauty and sweet, sunny disposition, she won a place of untold affection in the hearts of the savages. The chief, who did everything in his power to make her happy, considered himself her master. His object in retaining her was to make her the wife of his son, Red Cloud, who was several years her senior and who was, indeed, a very promising young chief. He, with the usual Indian cunning appeared very indifferent toward Ruth, yet, at the same time, made known to her very emphatically that he intended to acquiesce in his father's plan of making her his squaw. This, to Ruth's natural gentleness and refinement proved to be somewhat irksome, even though she fully realized that it was the highest place of honor to which a maiden could aspire.

As the reservation was a great distance from the white settlement they had little fear that Ruth would come in contact with her own race, so she was allowed perfect freedom; and oftentimes she would spend a whole day on her horse either riding through the weird, tangled forests or loitering happily along the banks of a stream whose waters leaped along merrily from boulder to boulder; again, she would climb to the summit of the mountain on hunting expeditions. Indeed, the crack shot marksman, alone, surpassed her in the use of the arrow. Twelve years of this happy, care-free life passed away.

One day, when Ruth was galloping across the country, dressed in her Indian attire, she came face to face with what to her was a revelation, a man with courteous manners and white skin like her own. He seemed horrified to find her in that savage country, and, as he thought, so far from her friends. He spoke to her and very gallantly offered his services in conducting her home. In this way the conversation began. Ruth was surprised to find that, after all, the whites were not great cruel monsters, as they had been pictured to her, but that, on the contrary they were very charming and very handsome. By her innocent and child-like questions she had soon led him to tell her all about the wonderful people across the mountains and when he had finished he had made from the wild girl of the forest, a woman, who could feel and think for herself.

The young man was a civil engineer of Brookfield just returning from Canada, where he had been employed. He was half determined to rescue the girl and take her back to the settlement with him. There was no doubt in his mind about her race; no Indian blood could breed that poise of her head, those golden curls, or that delicate color of her fair face. She appeared so contented and happy, however, and so well accustomed to the wild life about her that he hesitated, and so, Roy Falleck rode away and left her standing there in the midst of the forest with the last rays of the setting sun turning her hair to golden—a strange little figure with her snow-white skin, refined features, and graceful form in sharp contrast to the wild, unkempt appearance of her dress and surroundings.

Ruth rode slowly back to the wigwam. She had been perfectly contented here but now memories were stirring her mind; she wanted to know something besides the forest and the band of Indians. She performed her evening duties silently, answering absently the anxious questions asked by the squaw and Black Brow.

A week later when everything was quiet in the wigwam, Ruth slipped softly out

into the night air and stretched herself under a great oak tree. She wanted to think. She had always noticed that there was a marked difference between her and her dark-skinned sisters, not only in appearance, but in taste and manners, in ideas of right and wrong. Until she met young Falleck, a few days before, she had never seen anyone like herself. Since that incident she had thought deeply. Now she understood. She was a white. She belonged to the pale-faced people across the mountain—*his people!* But why was she here? She had always had a vague little memory of a white-faced woman and a wigwam built of logs quite different from the one in which she now lived. The squaw had told her it was a dream but she had kept it hidden away in her memory like something precious to be guarded well.

A smothered war-whoop came to her ears from a nearby clump of trees. It was the rendezvous of the warriors of the tribe. They were planning some treachery. She slipped up closer, that she might hear what they said. Black Brow was speaking, “we shall take them by surprise; the whole town of Brookfield shall be burned; the people killed; no longer shall we endure their oppression; soon shall we drive the pale-face from our lands.”

Ruth did not wait to hear more. She had heard the word Brookfield. This was the place Falleck had called his home. They were going to destroy the town and massacre the inhabitants. These were her people. She would warn them. They should not be taken unawares!

She untied her horse, Firelock, from his stake, and silently led him for some distance in the wood; then she mounted, struck the trail and like a flash was gone on her journey of more than a hundred miles. All night she rode furiously, and when the first rosy dawn began to show in the east she was still galloping through the waste. All day she rode, regardless of the hot sun and though she herself was almost exhausted and her horse flecked with foam she bravely urged him on.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the people of Brookfield were alarmed by a young girl with disheveled hair and clothing, and wild determined eyes riding through the streets crying breathlessly: “Prepare for battle; the Indians are coming.” Three times she cried her warning and then fell exhausted from her horse. She had saved her people!

Ruth was put in the care of a good woman of the village, by whom she was nursed tenderly. The little woman was small and pale, with a wistful expression about her eyes and mouth. She softly smoothed the tangled hair from the girl's face. She had heard the sad, faltering story that Ruth had told concerning herself and she too, had been thinking. As her hand went over the smooth white forehead, she felt a rough irregular scar just below her hair line. Could this be her Ruth? She peered eagerly into her features, reading each with all the longing of the mother's heart in her eyes. Yes, yes, without doubt, it was she. Her long lost child was found!

Slowly and tenderly Mrs. Esser brought Ruth to the realization that she was really a white and her own dear daughter. She accepted her new home gloriously, eagerly she had found the meaning of the little memory she had guarded so long.

Roy Falleck had recognized the girl immediately on that eventful day when; she rode

through the streets of the town with her warning and he, too, had a story to tell of a beautiful girl whom he had met in the woods.

As months rolled on and Ruth became better accustomed to her new home, she and the first pale-face who had ever come into her life became close friends, and before a year had passed the girl, who was to have become the squaw of the chief, Red Cloud, became mistress of a home in Brookfield.

RHEA LESTER.



**T**HE shadows fall upon the purple hills,  
A lonely night bird calls its absent mate;  
In silent prayer the calm night broods o'er all  
And all things earthly seek their needed rest.

The shadows fall upon my saddened soul,  
My lonely heart yearns for its absent mate;  
Swift comes the night, its blessed peace still calls  
And soon in death, I, too, shall find my rest.

E. L. S.

Class 1913

# Class of 1913

\*

## FLOWER

*Violet*

## COLORS

*Copenhagen Blue and Gold*

## MOTTO

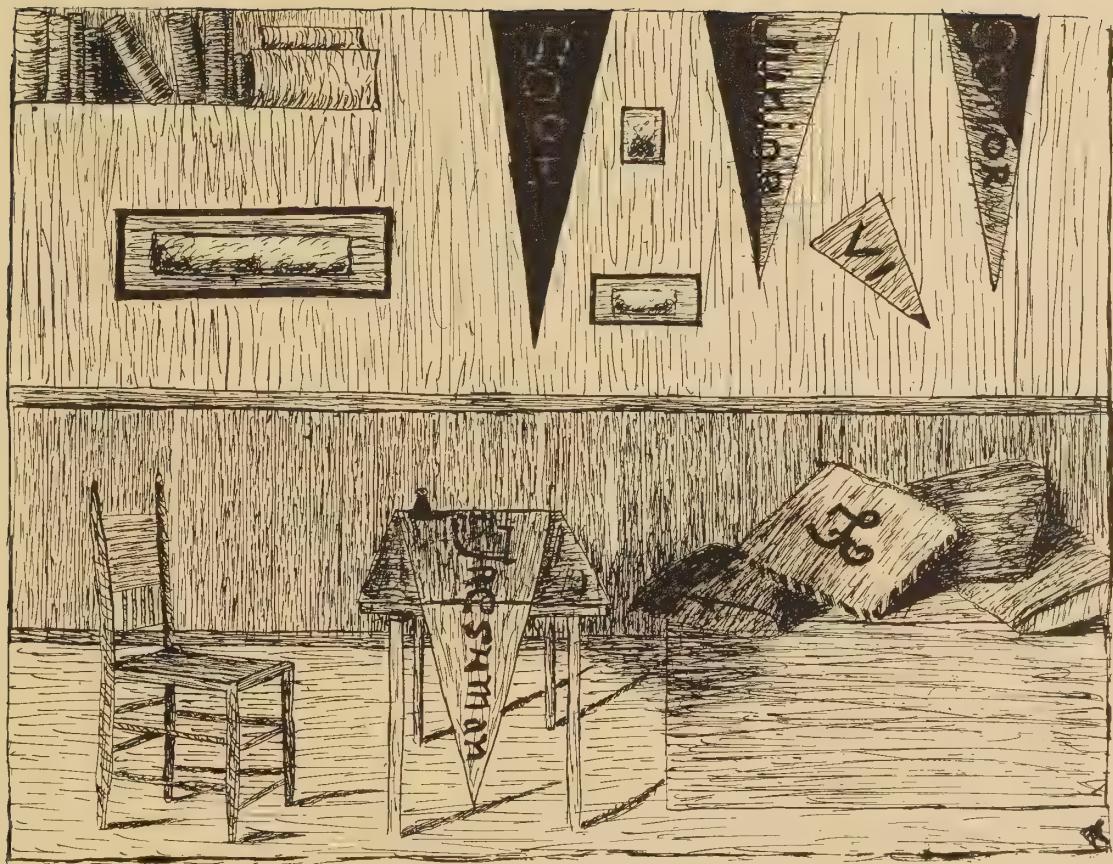
*"Constantly striving to make our best better"*

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EVELYN LYLE	Secretary
GUSSIE FIELD	Treasurer
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LUCILE PASS	FANNIE ROBBINS
FONDA LITTLE	ELIZABETH SHELTON
MARGARET PEED	ANNA FULLER
MELISSA JENNINGS	MARIE TURNER
BESSIE MAE BROWN	RUTH TURNER



## Freshman Class Poem

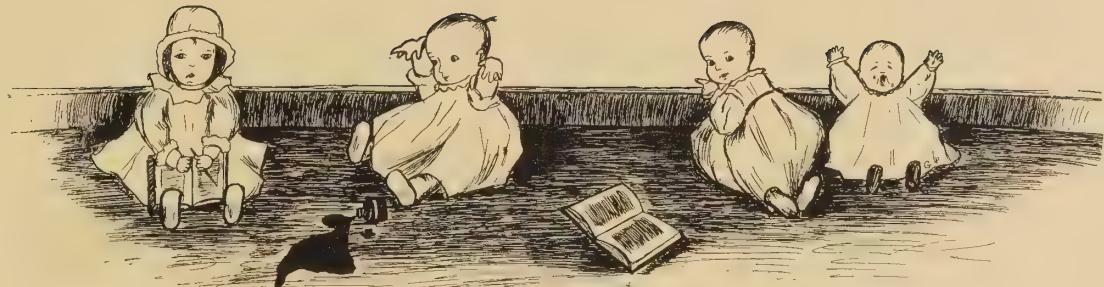
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**F**RESHMAN, Winter now is over  
And much warmer shines the sun;  
Perhaps you feel you're now in clover,  
But your task has scarce begun.

Your hardest year lies in the past,  
No doubt you fear the future's blast;  
But what in life is worth the gain  
That is not reached through toil and pain?

Do not cease this worthy quest,  
Until you have farther prest;  
For knowledge is a strange desire,  
That dearer grows as we mount higher.

In your search for greater learning,  
Don't forget the aim of art;  
For what is all the mental yearning,  
If you do not train the heart?



# SUB-FRESH

ADA ALDERSON  
CAROLINE ALDRICH  
RHEA BURKHALTER  
BESSIE BROWN  
LEOTA BROWN  
ZOLA CRUZ  
MURIEL DENISON  
LOLA MAE FLANAGAN  
ETHEL GOOD  
BLANCHE HURD  
MARY HEADEN  
MARY HARMON  
MARIE HANNAH  
EUNICE MORRIS  
LOUISE McELRATH

ALICE WARREN

ELsie MOORE  
MARGARET LETA MCCORMICK  
KATHLEEN NYE  
LILLIAN NICKELS  
IRENE OBERLIN  
JESSIE PARKER  
MARGARET PEED  
RUTH POTTS  
LULA PUCKETT  
MARGARET PUCKETT  
ELISE REID  
LILLIAN ROBINSON  
CARRIE SHANER  
ETHEL SMITH  
WINNIE WOMACK

# Special Class

2

FLOWER

*Violet*

COLORS

*Blue and Gold*

MOTTO

*"Semper Fidelis"*

NOTTIE WESTON

*President*

ANNIE MEILLE BARBER

*Vice-President*

ANNIE WHITE

*Secretary*

EUGENIA STOKES

*Treasurer*

MEMBERS

FLORENCE SUSONG

MRS. LOUISE M. BRYAN

ETHEL CLARK

WANDA POWERS

HAZEL, BRAMM

LENA COENHAVER

ANNIE MERLE BARBER

ELEANOR SENEKER

MILDRED HOLLOWAY

MYRTLE BUCKLES

KINNIE ROBERTS

MRS. J. F. HANSHUE

NOTTIE WESTON

MARY BALDWIN

ANNIE WHITE

EUGENIA STOKES

MABEL WARREN

ELIZABETH BLESSING

LAURENCE KOTTY

ELIZABETH BACHMAN

MRS. E. E. PUTNAM

ETHEL MYERS

NANNIE JOHNSON

HAZEL ANDERSON

LOLLA MOORE

MRS. PAULINE MORGAN BURKE

RUBY ROBERTS

HATTIE OWEN

EDNA JONES

BERTHA MAY HUGHES

ALICE WARREN

## Art Department



MRS. WILMER, DIRECTOR

# Art Club

## MOTTO

*"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."*

## FLOWER

*Violet*

## COLORS

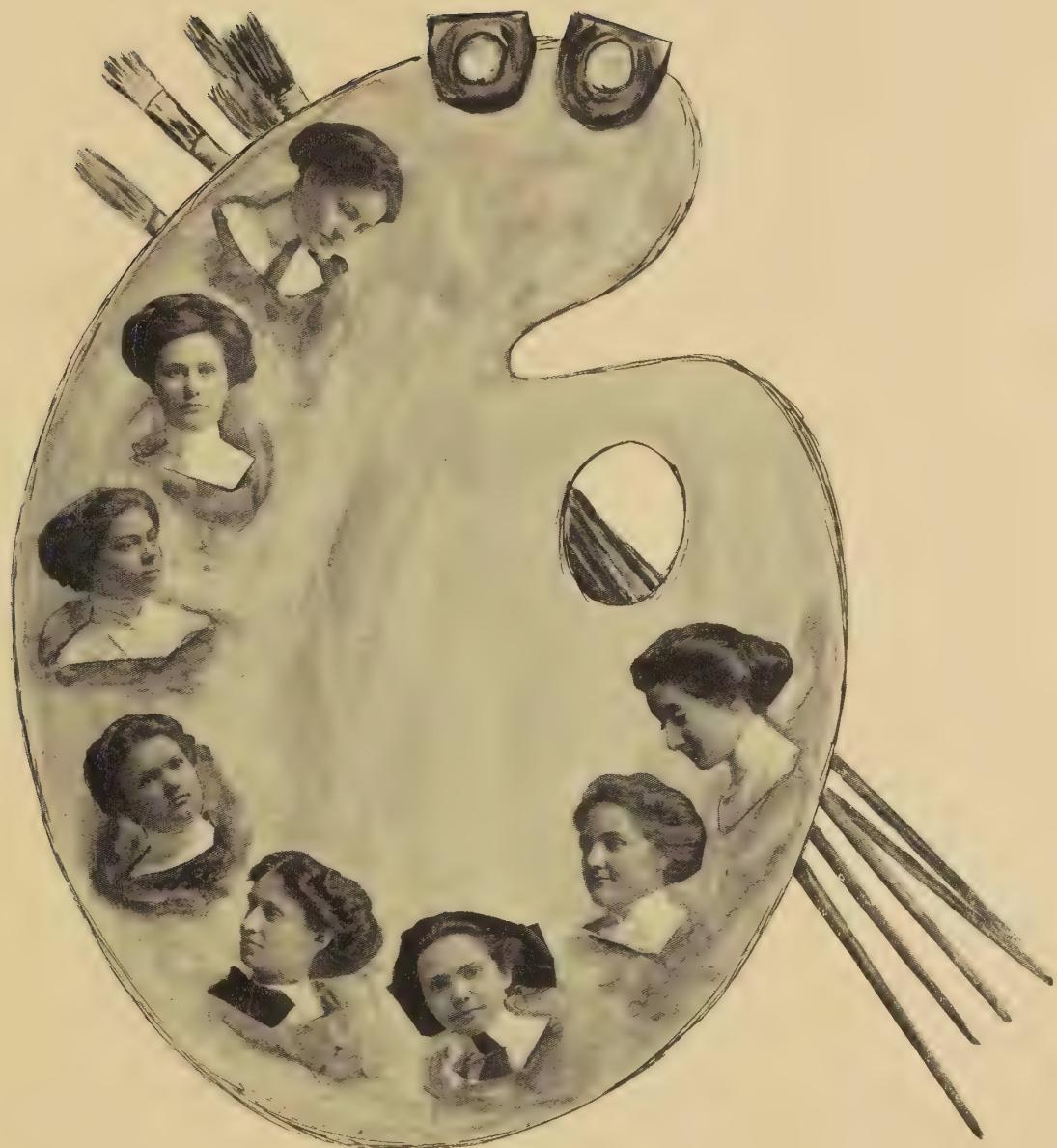
*Violet and Green*

## OFFICERS

DENTON MCKEE	<i>President</i>
HELEN JONES	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNIE MERLLE BARBER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS ELLEN D. STUART	<i>Chief Advisor</i>

## MEMBERS

HELEN JONES	North Carolina
GLADYS POWELL	Alabama
ETHEL CLARK	Virginia
NOTTIE WESTON	Texas
PEARL NELSON	Tennessee
MARGARET PUCKETT	Virginia
FLORENCE SUSONG	Tennessee
MRS. BRYAN	Tennessee
MISS BLESSING	Virginia
ETHEL MEYERS	Virginia
HATTIE OWEN	Tennessee
ANNIE MERLLE BARBER	Mississippi
ELIZABETH SHELTON	Virginia
MELISSA JENNINGS	Indiana
MURIEL DENISON	Maryland
DENTON MCKEE	Virginia





## Expression Department



MISS SPIGENER, DIRECTOR

# “She Stoops to Conquer”

Presented by School of Expression Virginia Institute Auditorium

March 3rd, 1910, 8:30 p. m.

•

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Charles Marlow	MARY R. COVINGTON
Young Marlow	HATTIE LOTT
Squire Hardcastle	LULINE FORTUNE
George Hastings	NOTTIE WESTON
Tony Lumpkin	MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER
Diggory	UNA WEBB
Roger	MABEL JOHNSON
Slang	WILLIE SMITH
Nat Muggins	LILLIAN GOSE
Anninadab	CORINNE PUTNAM
Mrs. Hardcastle	SUDIE SPINKS
Kate Hardcastle	LOIS DAVIS
Constance Neville	JENNICE McAFFEE
Maid	EVELYN LYLE
Stingo	LOUISE HARE



# THE TEMPEST

Presented by School of Expression Virginia Institute Campus

May 23rd, 1910, 8:30 p. m.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Prospero	LOIS DAVIS
Antonio	LILLIAN GOSE
Alonzo	LOUISE HARE
Sebastian	RUBY KING
Ferdinand, son to King of Naples	HATTIE LOTT
Gonzalo	CORINNE PUTNAM
Calaban	LULINE FORTUNE
Trinculo	UNA WEBB
Stephano	JENNICE McAFFEE
Ariel	SUDIE SPINKS
Miranda	MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER
Iris	MARY RIED COVINGTON
Ceres	EVELYN LYLE
Juno	WILLIE SMITH

## Music Department



PROF. S. T. SCHROETTER, DIRECTOR

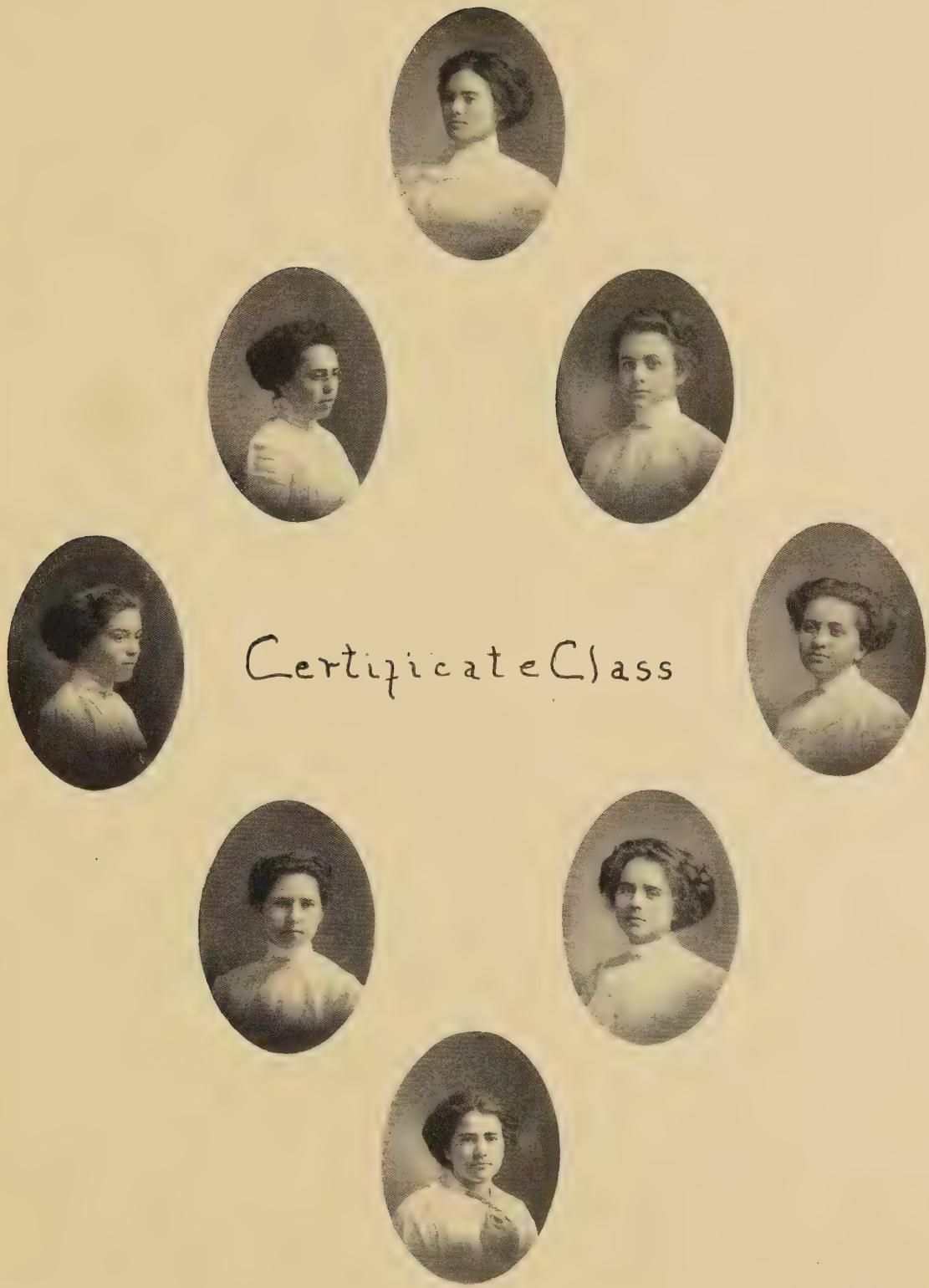
# Certificate Class

## OFFICERS

E. FRANCES ABBOTT	<i>President</i>
JEAN WATSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNIE WHITE	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN MCGHEE	<i>Treasurer</i>

## MEMBERS

FRANCES ABBOTT	Piano
ANNIE MERLE BARBER	Piano
ETHEL GORDON	Piano
RHEA HUNTER	Piano
MATTIE JOHNSTON	Piano
HELEN MCGHEE	Piano
KATHERINE TRUMBULL	Piano
JEAN WATSON	Piano
ANNIE WHITE	Voice



## A Romance



*“Because,” “I love you truly,” “Dear,”*  
She softly heard him say  
When “Good-bye” was to be said  
One fair “September” day.  
“Sweet Adaline” and “Ben Bolt” true,  
At last were forced to part,  
And “In ole Virginy” to “Old V. I.”  
He said she’d take his heart.

*“I’m just a wearyin’ for you,”*  
She wrote at first that year.  
“As long as the world rolls on,” she said,  
I’ll be your own true “Dear;”  
But “Sammy Boy” was at that school  
And a “Honey Boy” was he.  
So the boy that was back at “Home Sweet Home,”  
Was “Forgotten,” don’t you see?

*“Oh, Promise Me,” said “Sweet Adaline,”*  
To “Sammy Boy” one day,  
That “In the Good Old Summer Time”  
You’ll “Come to me” and say,  
“I want some one to call me dearie”  
And “Could I” feel that you  
Were “Somewhere” “Dreaming” of me, “Dear,”  
To you I’ll e’er be true.

But “Sammy Boy” was heard to say  
My “Dear Old Girl,” you see;  
My heart is won by “Just One Girl”  
From “Sunny Tennessee.”  
“Oh! Dry Those Tears” and cease to pine;  
“Some Day When Dreams Come True”  
Another man will win your heart  
By saying “I love you.”

So “Sweet Adaline” went sadly back  
To the dear “Old Folks at Home;”  
Tho’ “Forgotten” by the man she loved,  
To him “Love Thoughts,” would roam.  
“There, little girl, don’t cry” so much,  
Said “Ben Bolt” to her one day,  
“Violets” and “Roses” I have brought  
To drive those “Tears” away.

Why, I was only “Teasing” you—  
You know “I love you,” “Dear,”  
And “Would you care” if I should say  
I was “Flirting” all last year;  
For “Sammy Boy” is “Married Now,”  
And “You look good to me;”  
So here’s “My Hand, My Heart, My Life”  
“For All Eternity.”

## Vocal Department

22



PROF. JEROME F. HANSHUE



## Choral Club

•

### OFFICERS

PROF. J. F. HANSHUE	<i>Conductor</i>
MISS MILDRED HOLLOWAY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MISS RHEA HUNTER	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS SARAH SPIGENER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS ADAH ALDERSON	<i>Librarian</i>
MISS ERIN BLACK	<i>Pianist</i>

### MEMBERS

ADAH ALDERSON	EUNICE MORRISS
ETHEL CLARK	MABEL MORRIS
MURIEL DENISON	KATIE SUE MORRIS
LULINE FORTUNE	NELL MULLINS
ANNIE FULLER	MARGARET PEED
LOUISE HARE	FANNIE ROBBINS
MILDRED HOLLOWAY	CARRIE SHANER
RHEA HUNTER	SARAH SPIGENER
BLANCHE HURD	EMMA STODDARD
NANNIE JOHNSON	KATHERINE TRUMBULL
NETTIE MAHON	RUTH TURNER
LENA MARTIN	NARCISSUS WESTON
JENNICE McAFFEE	ANNIE LEE WHITE
LOUISE McELRATH	JEANIE WATSON

# An Appreciation of Music

•

**L**UTHER, the great reformer, said: "Next to theology I give music the highest place" and almost all the great thinkers have said as much for music. We are nearly all familiar with and have accepted the saying, "Music is the hand-maid of religion." Is the adage merely a beautiful poetic phrase, or is it true theoretically; is it true technically?

It is true, but to explain why would invoke what is uncalled for in this brief treatment of our subject. Then, too, such a truth, like any great truth could not be revealed to one unless it were revealed in him. Though we shall not attempt to present an elaborate discussion of why music is the hand-maid of religion, let us briefly outline the subject.

In thinking of music, we would consider it as one of those things which are, strictly speaking, not necessary for the mere keeping together of body and soul. But, the keeping together of body and soul is not living in the ideal sense. There are many ideal things which we enjoy in life, but which are not necessary for one's physical existence. So we might ask for what good are all those things which appeal to the heart and mind of man, such as, the beauties of nature, art, poetry, music, religion, etc., if they are not needed to sustain our physical being?

We believe that God meant that we should be as happy as possible. All these things are for our happiness. Sin came into the world and filled our lives with troubles and perplexities and we have employed many means of overcoming or escaping them. Music is one of these means.

The things which are provided for our mental and spiritual satisfaction, Daniel Gregory Mason calls "defences." They are man's defences against the confusion, complexities, and irrationality of life. We have to suffer in life, either physically, materially, or as far as our spirits and feelings are concerned. We defend ourselves against such experiences in various ways, firstly, by morality, we love justice, we love goodness, and we love righteousness. The intellect is the second form of defence against the inconsistencies and irrationality which we encounter in life. By means of science we try to fit together things in the universe. By means of philosophy, we seek to prove that the world itself is orderly. Love is a third defence against unhappiness in life. It asks no questions, it reasons not, but it serves. As our author puts it, "Love acquires an alchemy with which it dissolves even the stubborn externalities of fate; for fate can not take away the power to serve, and in service love finds its joy." The strongest defence against the unhappiness in life is religion. It is the goal of all our morality, philosophy, and science, and it is a love that is expanded and made universal.

But there are times when all of these defences fail in their purpose. The moralist has his discouragements; the scientist encounters facts which his theories cannot embrace; the

philosopher finds the world more than his match; love has its tragedies; and religion could not sustain even a Christ, who cried out "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Music is a defence against the imperfections of life in that it, too, supplies a need which neither of the above mentioned defences furnishes. Music is visible and audible rightness; it is the love of God made manifest to the senses. Finding us defeated in our search for rationality, it says, "Search no longer; puzzle no more, merely listen and look. See, here it is!" Music, though divine in substance, is human in form and it can therefore be made so as to exclude the irrelevant or the discordant and can be made to appeal to the senses as a satisfying thing of beauty and perfection, thus giving us joy. Music, too, finds its goal in religion, but, because of its nature, it is nearest the goal, and is truly the hand-maid of religion.



## Business Department

2



MISS BERTHA M. HALL  
*Director*

### MEMBERS

LETA MCCORMICK

KATHERINE THOMPSON

UNA WEBB

MARY KIMBROUGH

RAY BURKHALTER





# Yells and Songs

\*

## V. I.

Here's to the school we love so well;  
Here's to the flag she flies.  
Here's to her daughters, the best on earth,  
Under the Southern skies.

Here's to Virginia Institute,  
In honor she'll never lack;  
Sing her praises both far and wide,  
Here's to the Orange and Black.

## BASKET BALL SONG

Oh, ain't it great—just simply great,  
To be an athlete right up-to-date;  
We can play ball, make 'em feel small,  
For we're the champions that beat them all.

### No. I.

Sicca-Lacca, Sicca-Lacca, Sicca-Lacca-Sum.  
V. I. ! V. I.! Yum! Yum!! Yum!!!

### No. II

#### CANNON BALL YELL.

*Siss!!!! Boom! Ki! Yi!*  
V. I.! V. I.!

### No. III

With a vevo, with a vivo, with a vevo, vivo, vum,  
Johnny get a rat trap, bigger than a cat trap;  
Johnny get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap.

Hannibal! Cannibal!!  
Sis! Boom!! Bah!!!  
Institute! Institute!!  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

## Athletic Association

\*



HATTIE LOTT	<i>President</i>
JEANIE WATSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
WINNIE BROWN	<i>Secretary</i>
LULINE FORTUNE	<i>Treasurer</i>

# Senior Basket Ball Team

## MOTTO

*"Do or Die"*

## COLORS

*Lavender and White*

## TEAM

HATTIE LOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Captain</i>
HELEN JONES	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Goal Thrower</i>
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Guard</i>
KATIE SUE MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Jumping-Center</i>
HATTIE ANDERSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Center-Guard</i>
FRANCES ABBOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Guard</i>
CARRIE SHANER	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Substitute</i>
EUNICE MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Substitute</i>
MARIE HANNAH	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Substitute</i>

## YELLS

With a vevo, with a vivo, with a vevo, vivo vum,  
Johnny get a rat trap, bigger than a cat trap;  
Johnny get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap.

Cannibal! Cannibal!!

Sis! Boom!! Bah!!!

Seniors! Seniors!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Senior!



# Junior Basket Ball Team

MOTTO  
"Aim High"

COLORS  
*Crimson and Gray*

## TEAM

BESSIE BROWN . . . . .	<i>Jumping-Center</i>
ANNIE MERLE BARBER . . . . .	<i>Center</i>
WINNIE BROWN . . . . .	<i>Right Forward</i>
JESSIE PARKER . . . . .	<i>Left Forward</i>
JEANIE WATSON . . . . .	<i>Right Guard</i>
SARAH SPIGENER . . . . .	<i>Left Guard</i>
LOUISE McELRATH . . . . .	<i>Substitute</i>
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!	Brecke-koex, koex, koex,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!	Brecke-koax, koax, koax,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!	Hallabaloo, how-d'ye-do!
Juniors!	Junior!





## Sophomore Basket Ball Team

### MOTTO

*"Win, but win by fair means"*

### COLORS

*Lavender and White*

### TEAM

LOIS DAVIS	.	.	.	.	Captain and Left Forward
LENA MARTIN	.	.	.	.	Right Forward
LULINE FORTUNE	.	.	.	.	Left Guard
ETHEL GORDON	.	.	.	.	Right Guard
WILLIE SMITH	.	.	.	.	Center
RHEA LESTER	.	.	.	.	Center Guard
GLADYS WILLIAMS	.	.	.	.	Substitute
MATTIE JOHNSTON	.	.	.	.	Substitut

### SONG

Twelve, twelve, what's the matter with twelve?  
Twelve is beating it down the floor,  
Can't you hear old thirteen roar?  
Twelve, twelve, what's the matter with twelve?  
Twelve's a wonder! Hear them thunder!  
Twelve is winning again, Juniors!

### YELL

Grab it! Keep it! Hold it tight!  
We won it! Yes, with all our might!  
Soph'mores! Soph'mores! that's the class!  
So here's three cheers for the *cup* at last!

# Freshman Basket Ball Team



COLORS  
*Green and White*

FLOWER  
*White Rose*

## TEAM

GUSSIE FIELD	<i>Captain</i>
KATHERINE THOMPSON	<i>Goal</i>
EVELYN LYLE	<i>Left Guard</i>
SELMA HARMON	<i>Center Guard</i>
JENNICE McAFFEE	<i>Goal Guard</i>
EDNA RHEA	<i>Left Guard</i>
LUCILE PASS	<i>Center</i>
MABEL JOHNSON	<i>Substitute</i>
IRENE EMBREY	<i>Substitute</i>

# Teddy Rough Riders



## MOTTO

COLORS  
*Tan and Brown*

*"The girl whose horse doesn't run away,  
May live to ride another day."*

WEAPONS  
*Whip, spur, pistol*

## YELL

Bucking bronchos!  
Long-horned steers!  
"Teddy Rough Riders"  
Here's three cheers!

## NAMES

MR. S. TEDDY SCHROETTER  
MILDRED HOLLOWAY  
RHEA HUNTER  
EVELYN LYLE  
RHEA LESTER  
EDNA RHEA  
MARGARET SCHWATKA  
HATTIE LOTT

EUNICE MORRIS

MARGARET PEED  
ETHEL GORDON  
LOUISE HARE  
NOTTIE WESTON  
SELMA HARMON  
MARIE HANNAH  
KATHERINE THOMPSON  
JENNICE MCAFEE

# Crimson Crackerjacks



## FLOWER

*Crimson Rambler*

## COLORS

*Crimson and White*

## MOTTO

*"Bat and make 'em batty"*

## MEMBERS

MABEL MORRIS, Captain

MOLLIE HEATH CONN

Lois DAVIS

HATTIE LOTT

KATHERINE THOMPSON

MARY REID COVINGTON

EUNICE MORRISS

ETHEL GORDON

LOUISE HARE

LILLIAN HENSLEY

MARY KIMBROUGH

# Sutton Tennis Club



## FLOWER

*Sunflower*

## COLORS

*Black and Yellow*

## MOTTO

*“Never fuss but raise a racket”*

## MEMBERS

GUSSIE FIELD

MARIE HANNAH

JENNICE McAFFEE

FRANCES ABBOTT

EDNA RHEA

HATTIE ANDERSON

SELMA HARMON, Captain



# Knockers



## MOTTO

*“Never let the ball rest,  
Till the good is better, and the better, best.”*

## COLORS

*Gray and Blue*

## MEMBERS

LULINE AMELIA FORTUNE, Captain

EVELYN LYLE

INDA HOUTZ

JENNIE SPIGENER

WILLIE SMITH

LUCILE PASS

MARGARETTE PEED

EULA WILLING

LOUISE McELRATH

CALLIE JOHNSON

SARAH SPIGENER

## Literary Societies

\*







# Coline Literary Society



## OFFICERS

### First Term

MOLLIE HEATH CONN	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
HATTIE LOTT	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
MABEL MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH STOKELY	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

### Second Term

JEAN WATSON	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
RUBY ROBINSON	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUDIE SPINKS	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE MERLIE BARBER	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

### Third Term

KATIE SUE MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
HELEN JONES	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHERINE TRUMBULL	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
ETHEL GORDON	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

## MEMBERS

ANNIE MERLE BARBER	HELEN MCGHEE
WINNIE BROWN	EUNICE MORRISS
RHEA BURKHALTER	KATIE SUE MORRIS
ARCHIE CATCHING	MABEL MORRIS
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	JESSIE PARKER
MARY RIED COVINGTON	LUCILE PASS
LOIS DAVIS	MARGARETTE PEED
IRENE EMBREY	CLAIRE POWELL
GUSSIE FIELD	GLADYS POWELL
LULINE FORTUNE	MRS. PUTNAM
ETHEL GORDON	EDNA RHEA
MARIE HANNAH	RUBY ROBINSON
MILDRED HOLLOWAY	CARRIE SHANER
RHEA HUNTER	WILLIE SMITH
LOUISE HARE	JENNIE SPIGENER
INDA HOUTZ	SARAH SPIGENER
HELEN JONES	SUDIE SPINKS
MARY KIMBROUGH	EMMA STODDARD
RHEA LESTER	EUGENIA STOKES
MINNIE LILLARD	FLORENCE SUSONG
HATTIE LOTT	KATHERINE THOMPSON
EVELYN LYLE	KATHERINE TRUMBULL
NETTIE MAHON	JEAN WATSON
LENA MARTIN	NOTTIE WESTON
JENNICE McAFFEE	ANNIE WHITE
LOUISE McELRATH	GLADYS WILLIAMS

EULA WILLING

THE EVOLUTION OF



THE AMERICAN GIRL



# Our Guardian Eoline

There lives a maid on a far off shore,  
In the land where dreams come true;  
So wondrous wise, so versed in lore  
That all, her favor woo.

All gracious, lovely, simple, kind,  
Divinely fair as wise.

She rules her kingdom of the mind  
In many a varied guise.

Sometimes with simple, modest mien,  
In garb of sober gray;  
As **E**arnestness this maid is seen  
To strengthen thus our way.

When discord breaks our peaceful life,  
Then **O**neness guides aright;  
Bids us end our useless strife  
Our forces to unite.

If days are sad and friends forsake,  
And life seems not worth while;  
She'll quiet, and sooth each dull heartache,  
As **L**ove she then will smile.

Through paths forbidden to the brave,  
Our feet sometimes will stray;  
Then **I**nspiration, strong to save  
Will find again our way.

In sterner guise our maid appears,  
**N**obility is now her name,  
And lo, upon our listening ears  
Fall words of praise or blame.

One other form yet greets our view,  
One which bids us still to strive;  
**E**nthusiasm ever new,  
Through which we are and live.

All gracious, lovely, simple, kind,  
A maid who knows no sin.  
She rules the kingdom of our minds,  
Our guardian Eoline.

E. L. S.

## The Heart of a Musician

\*

THE little cottage nestled down among its vines and trees as if it shrank from the sight of man. Everything around it seemed to speak the words peace and restfulness; the south wind blew softly through the trees and the rustling of the leaves sang a sweet lullaby. A shaggy old dog, curled up comfortably on the step, was taking his morning nap, sheltered from the sun by the thick hedge that grew on either side of the walk. The two men on the porch sat with their chairs tilted back, idly smoking. They had talked long and intimately, each telling of his many successes and failures, and going over again the times when as boys they had played around this same little cottage.

The elder man was the first to break the long silence that had fallen between them. He spoke slowly, gazing dreamily far out beyond the grove that surrounded the house.

"Well, Frederick," he said, "we are glad to see you back among us. You have been a success, in your way. Your ambition was to be a great musician; it is realized. Time has used you well, too. Why, your hair has scarcely turned; and mine, though I am only two years your scion, has been white for years."

He paused, waiting for a response but as the man did not answer, he went on in the same soft, gentle voice.

"You are a famous man, Frederick, we are all proud of you. It sometimes makes me regret that I have spent my life here and showed the little genius, that I have, only to these village people. But, after all, I am not sorry. You have won the applause of the world; I have won the love of my community."

There was another long silence broken again by the elder man. He touched his companion lightly on the shoulder to gain his attention, and gazing deep into his eyes, as if to read his very soul, said gently, "What troubles you, Frederick, have you not enough fame? You have conquered the world with your music. Do you weep because you have no more worlds to conquer?"

Frederick sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor with quick, nervous strides. "I have not conquered the world," he cried. "Listen, fifteen years ago when the world was just beginning to call me great, I heard of a young musician who had as suddenly appeared before the eyes of the public as if he had dropped from the skies. From mere curiosity I went to hear him. But when one note had reached my ear, the man faded into insignificance; and every thought, every emotion was intent upon his music. It swept over that vast audience like a mighty avalanche. Every heart and soul was lifted far above material things into

ideal heights never reached before. 'Twas far more uplifting than any sermon mortal ever could have preached. The first number came to an end. For three long spell-bound minutes not a sound could be heard. Then, came such a thundering applause as never shall be heard again. I got only a glimpse of the man's face, and Joseph, strange to say, it very strikingly resembled yours."

A smile had played around the lips of the white-haired man, while Frederick spoke, but at these words he started slightly.

"Sick at heart, I went away. What recognition could I hope for against such a rival? But fate was ever my friend. In a few months the wonderful musician vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. My fame had rapidly increased; but my ambition is not realized. What if my technique is marvelous; that man with his music touched the furthest recesses of the human soul; I, merely excited admiration. The rope dancer does as much. After all, I have hopelessly failed; Joseph, tell me the secret of that man's power."

The elder man was silent for a long time, until his friend was calm again; then he spoke.

"I can not tell you the secret of the other man's power, but I can tell you the secret of your failure. Many years ago, we two, close friends, sat on this very porch and planned our future. Each was to be a great musician. We went away to study together and walked side by side. Then—you met—her. It was not long until you were married. You never knew why I left you nor where I went. I never intended that you should. You came here and built your home. I don't know how it happened; I only know that it was not her fault and that you governed by your indomitable pride, left her utterly alone in the world.

"I knew my genius, I recognized my power. You had wronged me deeply, I felt. You had married the woman I loved and, remorselessly, had broken her heart. I was not slow to sweep to my revenge. I poured out the sorrow of months into my music and as you said, I swayed great audiences. Ah! I could have ruined you."

He regarded his companion with contempt stamped on every feature and laughed bitterly.

"But *she* saw your peril and for your sake implored me to let you have your fame. I left God to revenge you and flung it in your face! You heartless, wretched man, how can you ask the secret of your failure? When you left yonder house you deliberately killed your very soul with your pride. What is music without heart or soul? Yet you tried to call yourself a musician without either.

"Go back to *her*! Conquer pride, the dragon that is guarding, lest your heart should come back to you. Then will your music thrill audiences as did that of the mysterious man of fifteen years ago. She's waiting for you, will you let her wait in vain?"

The look of contempt had vanished from his face and a look of inexpressible tenderness took its place. His voice sank lower and lower until at last it was hardly audible.

"Do not tell her what I have told you. It would break her tender heart to know that I have suffered; that I gave up ambition, fame and everything that man holds dear for her sake.

"Listen, don't you hear her calling? Go, go now. She wants you; she needs you and—I—can stand no more."

The white head dropped to his breast and the cheerful face was haggard and worn. Frederick laid his hand softly on the man's shoulder then turning, without a word strode out of the gate far over the hills toward a little house scarcely visible through the trees.

All day the old man sat on his porch, his big brown eyes fixed as if fascinated on the little house across the hill and his head turned in an attitude of listening. Occasionally, his head would drop upon his tightly clenched hands, a wild look of despair in his eyes. Once he got up and staggered toward the gate as if in a trance, listening, ever listening with his eyes on the distant house-top. Leaning on the gate for support he raised his face toward the heavens. "Oh, God," he murmured, "take me away before I mar her happiness." His head bowed again upon his breast and his shoulders drooped wearily as he slowly walked back to his chair to wait and listen.

The sun had softly whispered good-night and balmy twilight came to fold the world in its shadowy wings. All nature was slowly going to sleep. The very branches of the trees, just budding with the first leaves of spring, drooped wearily. The morning glories climbing up the lattice of the little porch, had closed their eyes. The roses, bright and cheerful while the sun cast its heat and light upon them, drooped their sweet heads in peaceful slumber. The village, viewed from the hill crest was veiled in a cloud of smoke and, as darkness came nearer and nearer, lights began to pop out one by one until night slowly settled upon the world leaving only the faint outline of the house-tops and a far away vision of the lofty mountains. The whole world was at peace. As evening drew nearer, the old man grew calmer. His face lighted up and a sad smile played around his lips. Far over the hills soft, sweet music was wafted upon the still evening air; and each note brought with it the love, the peace, the sorrow, the joy of a human heart. The theme swelled greater and greater until it spoke all the happiness the heart could hold, for the soul had conquered the dragon, pride. Frederick had found the secret of his failure!

The old man rose slowly and tottered toward his piano. His fingers wandered listlessly, caressingly, over the keys. Long into the night he played, so softly that only the trees and the roses could hear it and carry it onward as the breeze rustled through the leaves. The music slowly died away. The white head sank lower and lower until at last it lay upon the piano. The sad smile still touched his rigid lips, but the hands lay idle on the keys and the great brown eyes were closed. God had not let him mar her happiness.

M. H. C.





# Harrisonian Literary Society



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### Third Term

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HATTIE ANDERSON	<i>Critic</i>
PEARL NELSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

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DR. JOSEPH R. HARRISON

## Joseph R. Harrison

[This paper was read February the twenty-sixth in the Harrisonian Hall on the occasion of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Society.

The Harrisonians felt there could be no more fitting appropriation of their allotment in the **PENNANT** than to the memory of Virginia Institute's noble founder whose name they so proudly wear.

The Society is under obligations to Mrs. Dulaney for the privilege of printing this paper, and especially to Mrs. Lula Harrison Jones for the presentation of a life-size portrait of her father on the occasion above-mentioned.]

\*

**J**OSEPH R. HARRISON was born of Irish parentage in Franklin County, Virginia, in the year 1833. He sprang from the plain people, as most of our great men have, and was a type, a true and pronounced embodiment of those splendid qualities which in combat with the difficulties of life, develop into that sturdy manhood which comes as the sequel of persistent struggles and toil.

He had only such education as he could acquire during two sessions at Hale's Academy in his native county, but nature was so generous with her endowments that he finished his education in the "school of life," so rich in honorable self-sacrificing endeavor, and so fruitful in the development of a heart, a conscience, a conviction, a man. From boyhood his chief capital for his future was his reliance upon himself, his own high purposes and his determination to achieve. He was not deterred by obstacles, nor discouraged by opposition. They but added strength to his purpose, and determination to his will. This is exemplified in the utilization of his school vacations in colportage work under the auspices of the General Association of Virginia.

In 1861 he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Lunsford, who was indeed a help-meet for him. His home life was ideal. The wish of one was the desire of both. Clouds did not shadow it, nor frowns chill it. Sickness might invade it, disappointment might enter it and privation stern and persistent, clamor at its doors, but the love that twined those hearts together was always the same, "knowing no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

His natural sympathies, and his ardent longing for the betterment of his fellowmen, led him into the ministry at an early age, and he soon developed great capacity for evangelistic work. He held pastorates at Hollins Institute, at St. Joseph, Mo., in Manchester, in Richmond, and at Glade Spring and surrounding territory.

While in the work of the pastorate, he was called to general evangelistic work by the State Mission Board of the General Association of Virginia, and in this work he was eminently successful. Thousands were converted under his ministry, and when the veil of the future is lifted, then, and not till then, will we be able to measure the good which he has accomplished. In 1883 Mr. Harrison came to Washington County, Virginia, to assume charge of Glade Spring and neighboring churches. They greatly prospered under his ministry, but his pastoral life at Hollins Institute had enabled him to see visions, and dream dreams in the line of education for young women. But his dream was not all a dream. His vision took definite shape and materialized when in 1884 he organized Southwest Virginia Institute. The school opened

with three teachers and thirteen pupils; it prospered and grew, until in 1892, its founder saw with unerring foresight a wider field of usefulness open to his vision, and it was removed to Bristol, where this magnificent structure, "beautiful for situation" will tell the generations, as they come and go, of Mr. Harrison's dream, crowned with realization. To this school he gave the love and labor of his life, and every nail in this vast edifice is a silent reminder of his toil, his struggles and anxiety, and every brick in this temple of learning tells us it was laid in the mortar of his self-sacrifice.

He was for years financial agent of this school and he raised many thousand dollars for it. He made friends for it wherever he went, for he imparted his enthusiasm for the child of his love; and methinks that

"If departed souls may in that world of bliss  
Reveal their joy in things they loved in this,"

his spirit hovers over it still as tutelary saint, watching the development and progress of this institution.

The death of his beloved wife, his struggles for the success of the school and his anxieties for it, at last weakened his physical powers, and he was forced to give up his active work as financial agent. He sought partial relief by accepting a pastorate in Richmond, Va. But the storm of life had beat upon him too furiously and too long for his recuperation. Weary and worn with the unequal contest on June 7th, 1902, "the pitcher at the fountain" of life was broken and the battle was ended. His body rests in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, and "after life's fitful fever is over he sleeps well."

J. R. Harrison was a man of strong convictions. Holding his views in pure conscience; he was decided in his beliefs but always courteous and considerate of those who differed with him. Under the guidance of the Divine spirit he sought only for truth, and when he found it, he held it with the fidelity of a martyr. He cared little for majorities, nothing for artificial currents of thought. Truth had the only shrine where he bowed in homage, and he would have worshipped there, had he worshipped alone. He recognized with Lowell:

"Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet, the scaffold sways the future  
And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own."

His genial warm-hearted personality could not be mistaken. Selfishness was as foreign to his nature as uncleanness is to the ermine. He coveted nothing in life except as a means for the accomplishment of good. He desired no station other than for the opportunities it afforded in the world of usefulness. His sympathies were as wide as human needs, and as deep as human degradation. He was not passive, but always active to help, to relieve, to uplift, and to restore. He had the philanthropic idea. He had large conceptions of the world's need, and the forces required to accomplish its betterment, and every act of his life had its inspiration in the motive for God's glory and the welfare of his fellowmen. It was not local, but world wide in its embrace, and gave scope and direction to all his endeavors. His life was a strenuous one. From boyhood to old age, it was real, it was earnest. It had no vacations. Optimistic in all his plans and hopes, he would undertake any work to which he heard the

voice of duty calling, much of it was the work of a pioneer. He removed difficulties, he blazed the way of opportunity and in his unremitting, but modest way he builded for the future, oblivious of self.

But what, let me ask, was the secret of his power? His child-like faith that linked him to infinite power, his loyalty to home, to friends, and his loyalty to every duty in all the relations of life, were the dominant characteristics of the man and the controlling principles that gave direction to his life. No wonder that his life is an inspiration, no wonder it was characterized by greatest usefulness; for catching the spiritual import of the Master's lesson as to what constitutes true greatness as measured by the Divine standard, he became the faithful servant of all whom he could help, comfort or better, and his life is a beautiful illustration of the Divine teaching. His life is suggestive in that, brought up under Catholic influence and training, he led his own people to worship with him at the altar of truth.

Never with more than a competency, he dispensed a wide and noble charity. Environed by obstacles to other men insurmountable, he made his life one of conspicuous usefulness and left his impress upon the age in which he lived. Deprived of the advantages of an early education, he became one of the strongest champions of culture and a most devout patron of learning.

Ladies of the Harrisonian Literary Society, it was meet and proper that this society should perpetuate J. R. Harrison's memory by bearing his name. In thus honoring him you have honored yourselves. It is true his statue may never find a place in the Hall of Fame. It may be true that no "storied urn" or "monumental pile" may warn the stranger to tread softly as he approaches, but Joseph R. Harrison attained a consummation, more devoutly to be wished for, when the recording angel wrote his name with that of Abou Ben Adam in the book of gold as one who loved his fellowmen.

The world brings its chaplets of praise and eulogy for statesmen and heroes, but I bring my offering today (humble as it is) to lay upon the grave of him who was our benefactor and our friend, and whose name and memory should abide with us as long as an unselfish life and unobtrusive worth shall be honored among men.

MRS. ALICE ST. JOHN DULANEY



## A Lesson of the Mountains



**J**AROSE one morning early, when my mind was filled with doubt;  
I had a troubrous problem and I could not think it out.  
I slipped out on the campus for an inspiration there  
Where all was fresh and restful: Nature seemed in silent prayer.

The mountains were obscured by a white and fleecy cloud,  
Not one blue line was visible behind that misty shroud;  
And so my way I found not, and my path I could not see;  
"Twas hidden, like the mountains, by the mist, Uncertainty.

Over the eastern hilltops the sun began to peep,  
Sent rays across the valley, and to every rocky steep.  
O'erpowered by its glory, the mist began to rise,  
And soon had blended softly with the pearl gray of the skies.

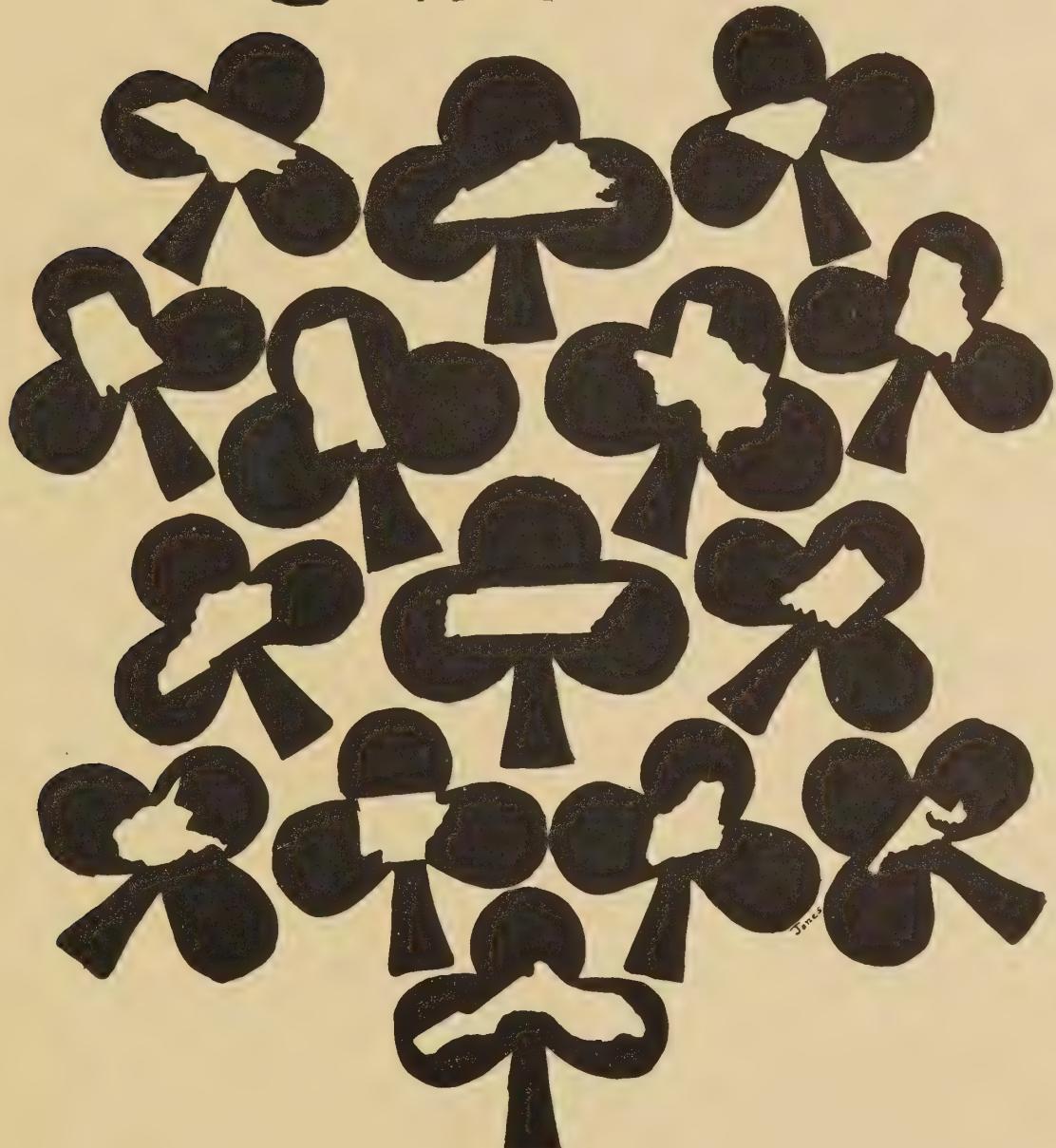
There the lofty mountains in solemn grandeur lay,  
And clear against the heavens, were outlined blue and gray.  
Then silently, I wondered if, within my clouded mind  
Were a way to solve my problem, so clear and well defined.

Then on those distant mountains came a beauty, strange and new,  
The rays had reached the summit, and had changed the steely blue  
To a red, as warm and tender as a sympathizing heart,  
And yet so full of splendor I could scarce conceive a part.

My heart warmed to the glory of a victory nobly won;  
And I strove with perseverance, till, like mists before the sun,  
The vague doubts all were scattered and the way lay clear apart:  
"Twas the lesson of the mountains to my weak and faltering heart.

M. G. H.

# STATE



*Jane*



## Virginia Club

FLOWER  
*Virginia Creeper*

COLORS  
*Orange and Blue*

### TOAST

Here's to Virginia, the dearest spot on earth,  
Our country's greatest statesmen—the land of their birth—  
Its valleys and its mountains, rivers and fountains—Virginia!  
The grand Old Dominion State!

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MATTIE JOHNSTON  
EVELYN LYLE

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*Vice-President*  
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GRACE CLARKE  
ETHEL CLARKE  
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LILLIAN HENSLEY  
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DENTON MCKEE  
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RUTH POTTS  
MARGARET PEED  
MARGARET PUCKETT  
LULA PUCKETT  
LILLIAN ROBINSON  
EMMA STODDARD  
ELIZABETH SNODGRASS  
ELIZABETH SHELTON  
CARRIE SHANER  
MARGIE SHUMATE  
UNA WEBB

# Tennessee Club



## MOTTO

*Simplicity, Sincerity and Success*

COLORS  
*Orange and White*

FLOWER  
*Tulip*

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ANNIE WHITE  
LOIS DAVIS  
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*Secretary*  
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BESSIE MAE BROWN  
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MARIE HANNAH  
ELIZABETH STOKELY  
INDA HOUTZ  
WINNIE BROWN  
FLORENCE SUSONG  
MINNIE LILLARD  
EDNA RHEA  
ELISE REED  
ZOLA CRUZ

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MR. JONES  
MR. HENDERSON

MISS HATTIE STOKELY  
MISS BERT HALL  
MRS. BRYAN

# Mississippi Club



FLOWER  
*Magnolia*

COLOR  
*Yellow and White*

MOTTO  
*"Nostrae, Civitatis Fama Semper Vivat"*

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ARCHIE CATCHING	Hazlehurst
ETHEL GORDON	Hermanville
HATTIE LOTT	Meridian
HELEN McGEE	Meridian
SUDIE SPINKS	Meridian
KATHERINE THOMPSON	Kosciusko

MISS MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER  
Our Mississippi Mother, "Ubique"

# MISSISSIPPI





# ALABAMA

28

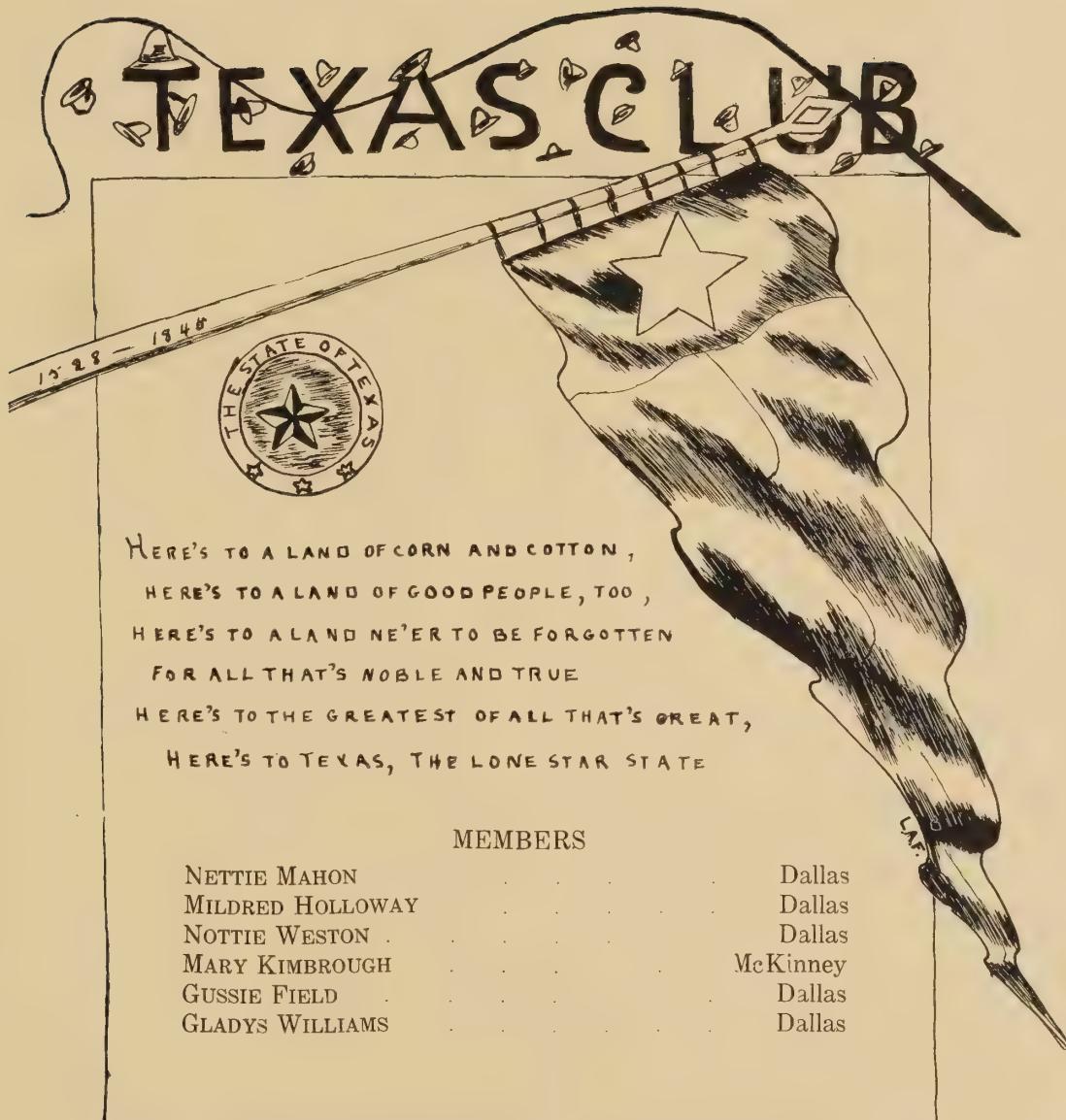
SONG  
*Alabama*

COLORS  
*Red and White*

FLOWER  
*Cotton*

## MEMBERS

LOUISE HARE	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tuskegee
CLAIRE POWELL	.	.	.	.	.	.	Birmingham
GLADYS POWELL	.	.	.	.	.	.	Birmingham
LUCIE BELLE JOHNSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tuskegee



HERE'S TO A LAND OF CORN AND COTTON,  
HERE'S TO A LAND OF GOOD PEOPLE, TOO,  
HERE'S TO A LAND NE'ER TO BE FORGOTTEN  
FOR ALL THAT'S NOBLE AND TRUE  
HERE'S TO THE GREATEST OF ALL THAT'S GREAT,  
HERE'S TO TEXAS, THE LONE STAR STATE

#### MEMBERS

NETTIE MAHON	Dallas
MILDRED HOLLOWAY	Dallas
NOTTIE WESTON	Dallas
MARY KIMBROUGH	McKinney
GUSSIE FIELD	Dallas
GLADYS WILLIAMS	Dallas

# CAROLINA



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LUCILE PASS	North Carolina
CORINNE PUTNAM	South Carolina
BESSIE BROWN	North Carolina
JENNIE SPIGENER	South Carolina
HELEN JONES	North Carolina
CALLIE JOHNSON	South Carolina

# 5743



38

COLORS  
*White and Gold*

FLOWER  
*Golden Rod*

#### OFFICERS

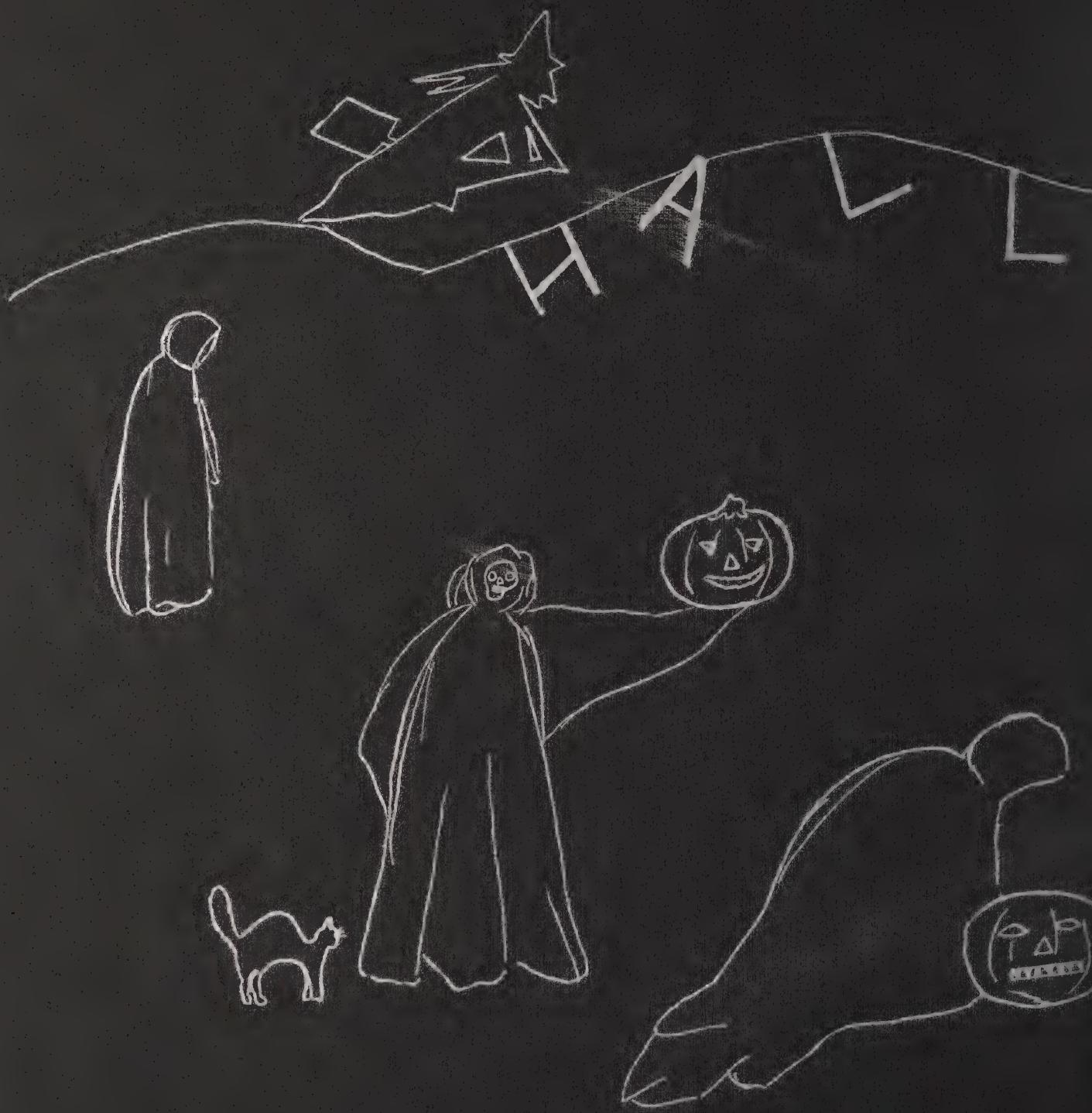
E. FRANCES ABBOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
JENNICE McAFFEE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY REED COVINGTON	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET SCHWATKA	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

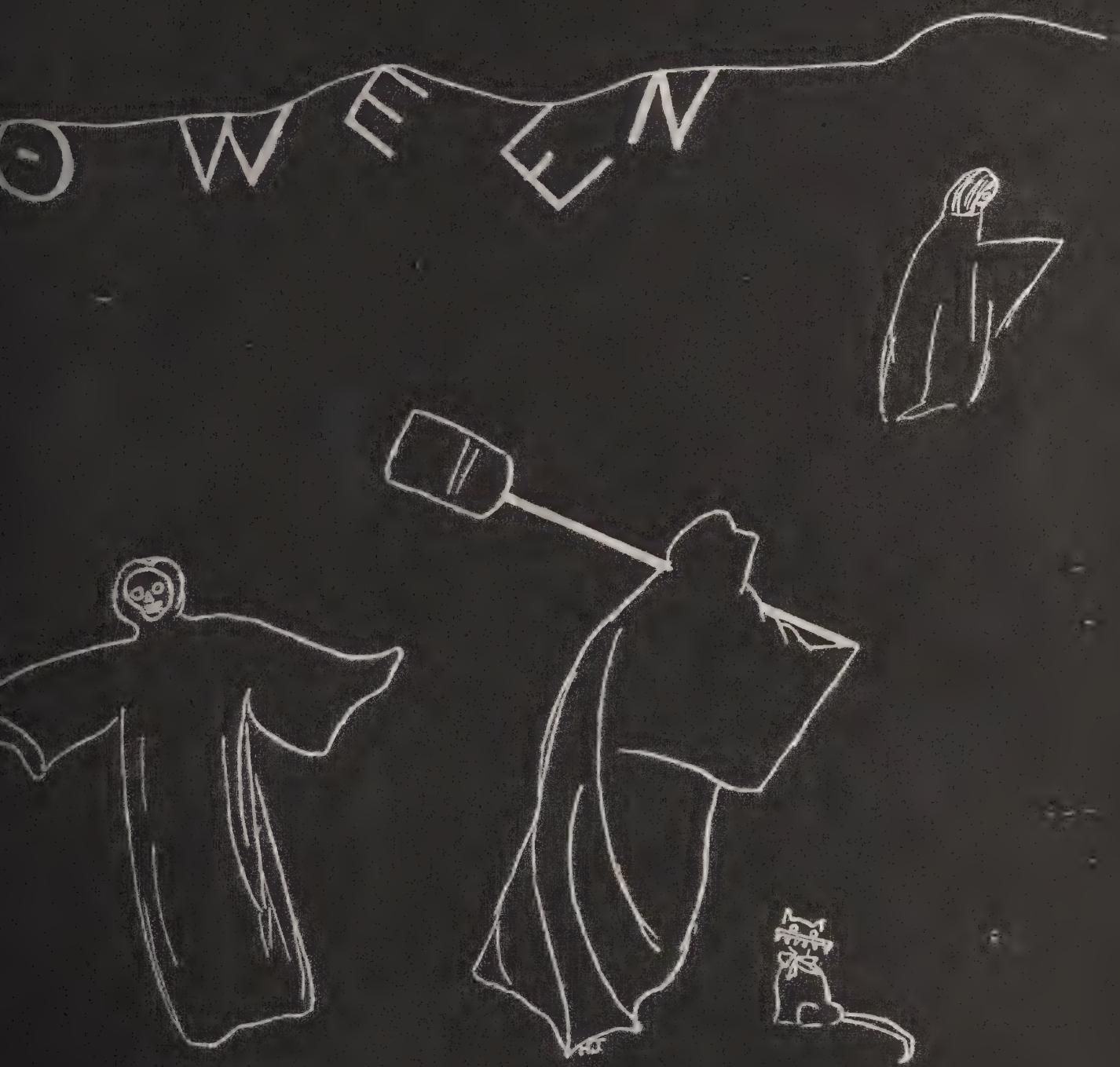
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MARY REED COVINGTON	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Kentucky
E. FRANCES ABBOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Maine
JENNICE McAFFEE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Alabama
RAY BURKHALTER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Arkansas
JESSIE PARKER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Arkansas

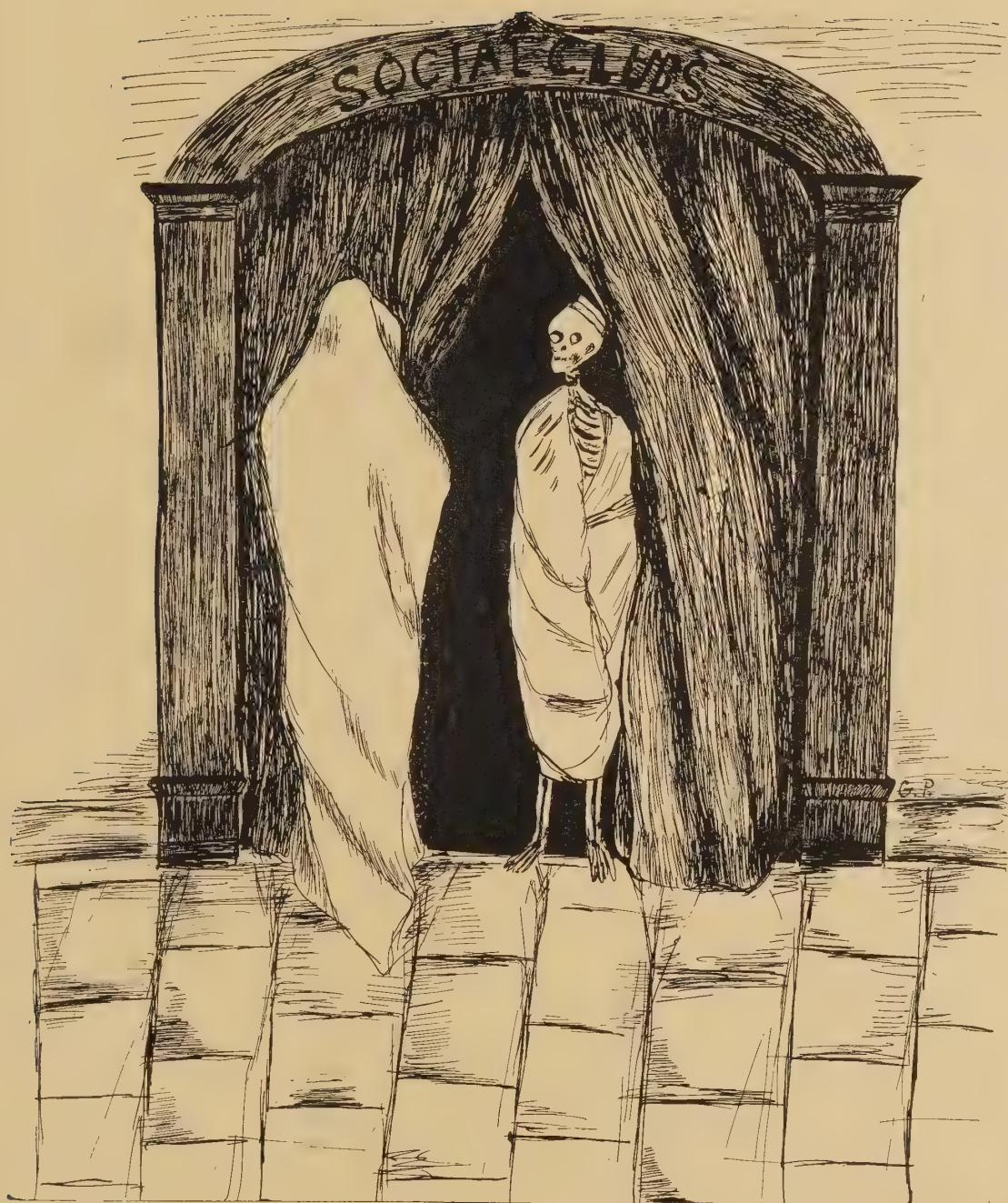












# Tau Sigma Delta



*"Nomen Omen"*

## COLORS

*Violet and Gold*

## FLOWER

*Violet*

## SORORES

MARY REED COVINGTON	.	.	.	.	.	.	Kentucky
RHEA HUNTER	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tennessee
NETTIE MAHON	.	.	.	.	.	.	Texas
HELEN McGHEE	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
KATIE SUE MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tennessee
MABEL MORRIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tennessee
KATHERINE TRUMBULL	.	.	.	.	.	.	Texas
JEAN WATSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	Texas

## SORORES IN FACULTATE

MILDRED HOLLOWAY	.	.	.	.	.	.	Texas
EMMA STODDARD	.	.	.	.	.	.	Virginia



# Billiken Club

## MOTTO

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone"*

## COLOR

*Maize and Light Blue*

## FLOWER

*Forget-me-not*



## SONG

*Keep on Smiling*

WILLIE SMITH

MARY KIMBROUGH



# Alpha Tau Zeta

¶

Zώη μον σ' ἀγαπῶ

COLORS  
*Yellow and White*

FLOWER  
*Daisy*

## SORORES

JENNIE SPIGENER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	South Carolina
EUGENIA STOKES	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
EVELYN LYLE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Virginia
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
LULINE FORTUNE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Texas
ANNIE MERLLE BARBER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
SUDIE SPINKS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
LENA MARTIN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Virginia
HATTIE LOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mississippi
HELEN JONES	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	North Carolina

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MR. S. T. SCHROETTER

DR. H. L. JONES



D. L. D.

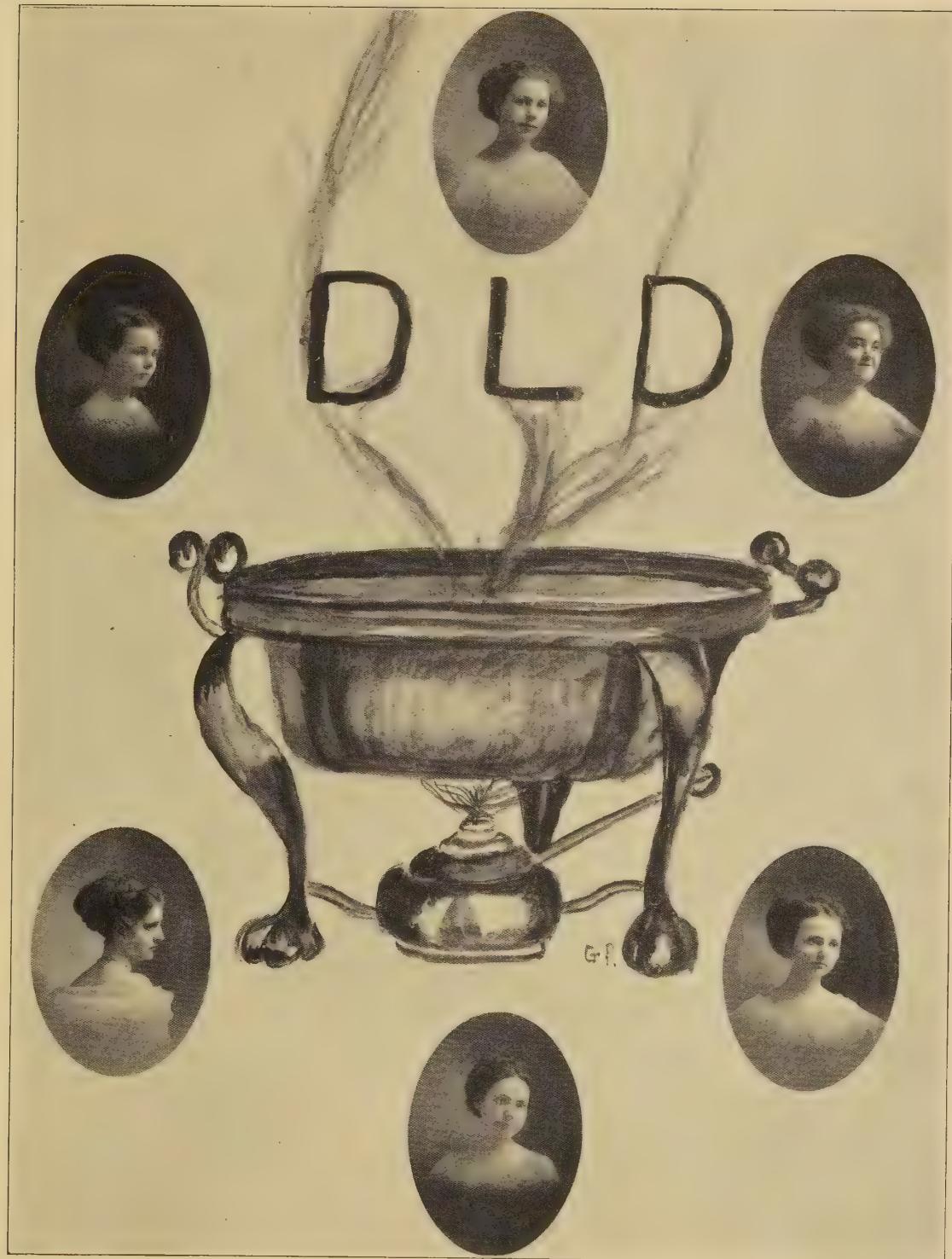
## COLORS

Black and Pink

## FLOWER

## *White Violet*

## MEMBERS



# Phi Sigma Gamma

\*

## MOTTO

*"We live to love, to laugh, to learn"*

FLOWER	COLORS
<i>American Beauty</i>	<i>Maroon and Gold</i>

## MEMBERS

GUSSIE FIELD	Texas
GLADYS WILLIAMS	Texas
NOTTIE WESTON	Texas
LOUISE HARE	Alabama
MARGARET SCHWATKA	Maryland



## Curiosity Club



Helen J.—“Pliney, what did Irene say in her letter?”

Luline—“What makes Mrs. Wilmer knock on our ceiling so much?”

Lena M.—“Am I on the Honor Roll, Mrs. Murrell.”

Evelyn—“Girls, where are you going?”

Margaret P.—“Has anybody seen my turtle?”

Louise M.—“Who is that coming up the walk?”

Frances—“Why can’t I talk about the Civil War?”

Annie Merle—“What do you want with me, Luline?”

Mary K.—“Did I get any mail?”

Willie—“Is it a quarter past seven yet?”

Sudie—“Have you seen Evelyn?”

Moll—“Who told you so?”

Nottie—“Has the rising bell rung, Gladys?”

Gladys—“Who is the boy with the V. I. watch fob?”

Nettie—“Girls, what are you talking about?”

Gussie—“Who stole Nottie’s new shoes?”

Gene—“Helen, what do you want with the A. T. Z’s?”



KATIE SUE MORRIS

HATTIE LOTT

MABEL MORRIS

MOLLIE HEATH CONN

# BIG 4



*President*

*Vice-President*

*Secretary*

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# CLUB



MORRIS.

# Torments



MOTTO  
"Knock on Wood."

LOUISE McELRATH  
GLADYS POWELL

CLAIRE POWELL  
ARCHIE CATCHING

We are called Mrs. Murrell's Torments  
Because we can't be good;  
We cause her many laments,  
And our motto's "Knock on Wood."

We have done all sorts of crimes  
As all true torments should;  
When a teacher overtakes us,  
We calmly "Knock on Wood."

We may not get to heaven  
(As if we possibly could);  
But when we're told to go below,  
We simply "Knock on Wood."

## German Club

L. FORTUNE	<i>President</i>
H. LOTT	<i>Leader</i>
S. SPINKS	MISS LYLE
K. THOMPSON	MISS PEED
M. R. COVINGTON	MISS MAHON
F. ABBOTT	MISS SCHWATKA
I. EMBREY	MISS RHEA
G. POWELL	MISS CATCHING
C. POWELL	MISS M. MORRIS
L. McELRATH	MISS CONN
L. HENSLEY	MISS NELSON
G. WATSON	MISS TRUMBULL
D. MCKEE	MISS GORDON
L. MARTIN	MISS JONES
N. WESTON	MISS WILLIAMS
W. SMITH	MISS BARBER
L. FORTUNE	MISS HARE
C. SHANER	MISS FIELD
E. MORRIS	MISS KIMBROUGH
J. McAfee	MISS HANNAH
S. SPIGENER	MISS DAVIS
H. McGEE	MISS SPIGENER
H. LOTT	MISS MORRIS





# Sweater Club



## COLORS

*Red and Grey*

## MEMBERS

NETTIE MAHON

RHEA HUNTER

MILDRED HOLLOWAY

EDNA RHEA

EMMA STODDARD

CARRIE SHANER

CLAIRE POWELL

GLADYS POWELL

EUNICE MORRISS

SELMA HARMON

ANNIE MERLLE BARBER



A.M.B.

# Freckle Club

## MOTTO

*“Use Stillman’s Freckle Cream”*

## COLORS

*Brown and Tan*

## MEMBERS

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GLADYS WILLIAMS

EDNA RHEA

MARGARETTE PEED

ETHEL GORDON

LOUISE McELRATH

LOUISE HARE

JESSIE PARKER

EUNICE MORRIS

KATHERINE THOMPSON

LULINE FORTUNE



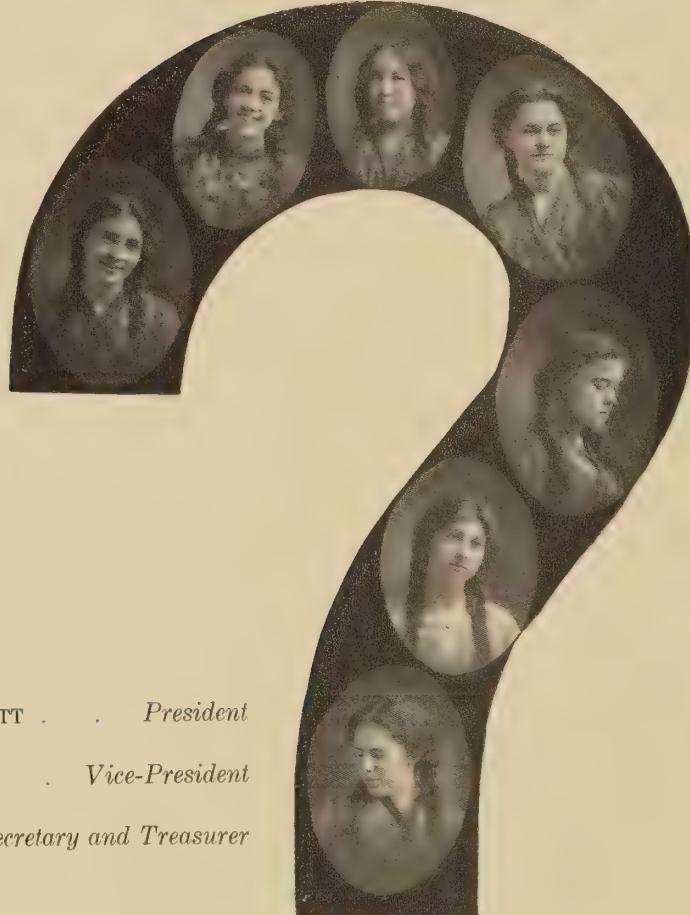
HJ

“500”

MOTTO  
“*Eat all you can*”

FLOWER  
*Heart's-ease*

PASSWORD  
*Puncher*



MEMBERS

E. FRANCES ABBOTT . . . President  
HATTIE LOTT . . . Vice-President  
LOUISE HARE, *Secretary and Treasurer*

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MABEL MORRIS  
JEAN WATSON  
KATHERINE TRUMBULL  
NETTIE MAHON  
LULINE FORTUNE  
FRANCES ABBOTT  
LOUISE HARE



## Dunce Club



SUDIE SPINKS	“Crazy”
LOUISE HARE	“Demented”
MARIE HANNAH	“Foolish”
EVELYN LYLE	“Luny”
JENNIE SPIGENER	“Slightly Off”
JENNICE McAFFEE	“Batty”

# Y. W. C. A.

## OFFICERS

CALLIE JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
HATTIE ANDERSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMA STODDARD	<i>Secretary</i>
MATTIE JOHNSTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

## CABINET MEMBERS

MOLLIE HEATH CONN	KATIE SUE MORRIS
HELEN JONES	MARGIE SHUMATE



# The Faculty

**A**N august body sits in state  
On every Friday night;  
It meets we know to decide our fate,  
And lead us in the right.

The teachers, very grave and stern,  
Sounds the girl's death knell,  
Because they say we will not learn  
Nor listen to the bell.

First comes our honored President,  
A tribute would we give  
To the life that is for others lent  
And shows us how to live.

'Tis Mr. Jones whom we adore,  
But as we love our life;  
He's married now, we say no more  
Because he has a wife.

Our Lady Principal is swell,  
But she walks with pigeon toes,  
And though we surely love her well,  
There's fear where'er she goes.

From the honor roll she takes us all,  
But 'tis we that are to blame;  
At midnight we parade the hall,  
And our excuse is lame.

Mrs. Anderson we all revere,  
But she's so fierce sometimes  
That our respect is mixed with fear,  
When we can't write essays, rhymes.

The rosy cheeks of Miss Puryear,  
That ever-ready smile,  
Is what to us makes her so dear,  
That's why we like her smile.

In Horace, Virgil, Cicero,  
She's certainly very wise;  
But when she laughs her face is so  
You can not see her eyes.

There's a little man, we call him Schret,  
He's mostly brains and hair;  
He has puns and jokes to let,  
And indulges in hot air.

He's quite a dandy you know,  
He really is quite smart;  
The way he plays the piano  
Would win most any heart.

Perhaps you've heard of Brother "Thim,"  
His sister's latest crush;  
She has another one named Jim,  
And gives them quite a rush.

There's one that does gesticulate,  
And can so lowly bow,  
And if you would articulate  
Just right, she'll show you how.

She's not so very fierce, I'm sure,  
And not of such great size  
But in the Gym, who can endure,  
The flash of those pop-eyes.

There is a Blessing here with us,  
We know not whence it hailed,  
But she holds on when in a fuss,  
To her point, just like she's nailed.

"When I a school girl was, you see"—  
Oh, mirabile dictu!  
Can there in this whole world be  
A thing she didn't do?

She got one hundred in her Trig.  
Her geometry she worked;  
At mathematics did she dig  
And no task did she shirk.

A short, quick step comes down the hall,  
We recognize the gait.  
She has "Pluto" for us all,  
And other things we hate.

There is a teacher who can sing  
And boss the Choral Club,

In fact, he'll do most anything.  
Oh, yes, he's quite the rub.

He'll play tennis half the day  
And thinks that he can win  
Whatever else there is to play,  
Either outdoors or in.

There is a very handsome man,  
His hair stands up right straight,  
And now just tell me if you can  
If he's not up-to-date.

He generally, as you should know,  
His own composition plays,  
And shakes his head and wiggles so  
It leaves you in a daze.

Unless, my friends, you should be charmed,  
Now all you men beware  
For here's Miss Hall already armed  
With much befrizzled hair.

We have a friend with great blue eyes,  
Who sweetly smiles away;  
He is really wondrous wise,  
I'm sure you'll not say nay.

Of the many alcohols to drink,  
I'd tell you if I could  
Just why it is ('tis strange, I think)  
The kind he drinks is wood.

There's one artistic, up-to-date,  
She talks right through her nose;  
Whate'er her troubles or her fate,  
She smiles where'er she goes.

They take us off the honor roll,  
When naughty girls are we,  
But they help us to reach the goal  
And the narrow path to see.

So Faculty, now here's three cheers  
That we, the students give  
To you who always calm our fears  
And show us how to live.



#### AN ODE TO CRUSHES.

Crushes, crushes, everywhere,  
Out in the hall, on the stair;  
Loving, hugging, kissing, too,  
What in the world am I to do?

There's Lena and Claire, Mabel and Moll,  
The adorable Hattie, and "Our Baby Doll,"  
Archie and Katherine, Nell and "Mym,"  
Sister Black and brother "Thim."

Willie vows the whole wide world  
Holds no girl like Annie Merle,  
Her heart with love she tried to win  
But failing this, she bought a pin.

There are some that with great disdain  
Behold these things and cry "for shame!"  
But in all V. I. I ween,  
There is no crush like Rhea and Jean.

On every side you hear them say:  
"You did not treat me right today,  
I don't believe you love me now,"  
Between the two there is a row.

Everybody has a crush 'cept me;  
Never mind, just wait and see  
Some lonely girl will come my way  
For every little dog has it's day.      G. P.

## A PARADOX

There is a young man named Peoni  
His girl's from V. I. you know,  
And when entertaining  
His true love by singing,  
Then he's giving a Peoni solo.

Our business manager, one day, perchance  
Sought an interview with one Mr. Vance.  
Said he, "Charming lass,  
What is it you ask?"  
Said she, "I'd like an ad-Vance."

Shoeman—"What last do you want?"  
Katherine Thompson—"The one that lasts the longest, of course."

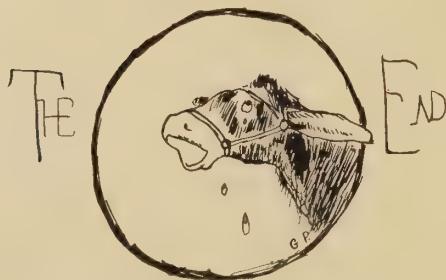
Louise H. was heard to ask in which month the inauguration was to be this year.

Lena asked who wrote "Gray's Elegy," and then wondered why everybody smiled.

Nottie (upon learning of the presentation of "She Stoops to Conquer")—"Oh, I always  
did detest Shakespeare."

Sudie—"Oh, I got a bargain in Valentines. I got a dozen for five cents."  
Katherine—"Do you call that a bargain? Why, I can get all I want for a cent apiece."

A goat ate all our other jokes,  
And then began to run.  
"I can not stop," he softly said,  
I am so full of fun."—*Exchange*.

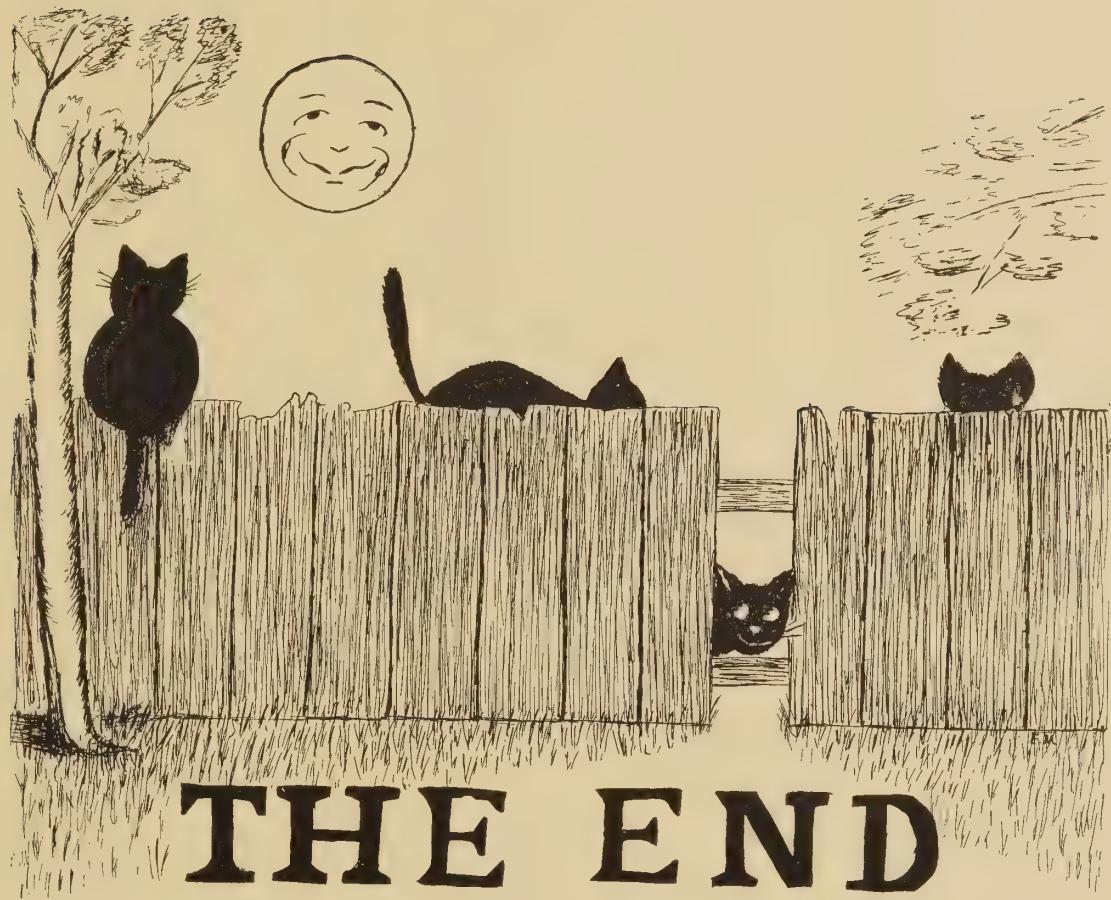


We wish to say a word of thanks to the Business men of Bristol, who have so kindly and courteously helped to make our annual possible; and to the students and faculty for their enthusiastic interest and hearty co-operation. We would especially express our gratitude to Mrs. W. B. Anderson, whose valued suggestions and assistance has so efficiently aided us in whatever literary success we may have had.

Very sincerely,

The Editorial Staff  
of the Pennant





**THE END**





Be wise Business-men And use 

YOUR SENSE And place your ads 

Up on this fence! 



# Want Department

In this department we publish a list of "young" hopefules who have long since tired of a lonesome life and have turned their eyes toward the garden spot of the world, where no doubt their wants will be hastily supplied by their little "Want" Ads. Rates and terms given upon application to the Business Department of THE PENNANT

DR. DYKES—A girl with brown eyes and brown hair

DR. RYBURN—A girl of any kind

MR. EDMUNDSON—A girl from the "piney woods" with blue eyes and black hair

MR. SCHROETTER—A girl that has a voice like a bird

DR. EDWARDS—A real pretty girl

ERNEST LARMAR—A peroxide blonde

CAROL KIDD—A girl with dreamy eyes

DR. BROWN—A large, fat girl with red hair

JIM FULWIDER—A girl with brown eyes and black hair

MR. BRUCE BUSHONG—A girl with black eyes and black hair

GEO. D. HELMS—A Kentucky thoro-bred

CHAS. J. TODD—An auburn haired girl with two good front teeth

W. G. LONDON—A "Goode" girl

JESSE L. NAVÉ—A girl who can eat a whole mince pie

C. M. ROCKET—A pigeon-toed girl

EARNEST SAMS—A girl who can talk a blue streak

JIM GAUT—A lean, lank girl

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Both Phone 68

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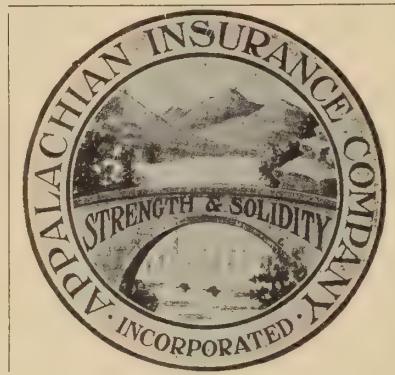
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¶ This Company received its charter from the Commonwealth of Virginia on January 29, 1909, and has an authorized capital stock of \$250,000.00, which is being distributed to men of influence throughout the Southern states. It is the first legal reserve Accident and Health Insurance Company, excepting Industrial, with Home Offices located in the South and with its capital stock owned by Southern people. It has special plans and features with up-to-date ideas in insurance, which, backed by the large profits made on this class of business, makes an investment in its capital stock a most attractive one, and offers an opportunity you cannot afford to miss :: :: :: ::

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*D. A. Vines*

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## Vines & Price

*Attorneys and Counsellors at Law*

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## E. R. Shipley & Co.

### CONTRACTORS

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### Paints, Oils, Varnishes Glass and Wall Paper

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Room and Picture Mouldings

Picture Framing Neatly and Artistically Done  
Satisfaction Guaranteed in All Lines of Work

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Railroad, Mill, Builders', Contractors'  
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of BRISTOL

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with its modern equipment, up-to-date methods and strong connections is enabled to satisfy you with any banking demands and furnish all consistent accommodations desired. WE appreciate your business and give the same attention to small as well as large accounts.

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We feel that it will be to your advantage as  
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You can depend upon our Shoes being ex-  
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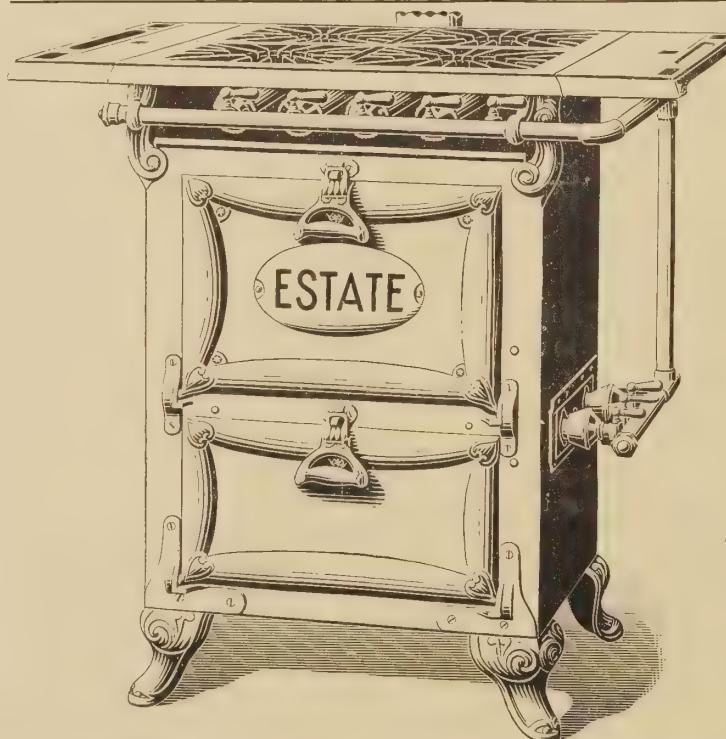
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you will find those things so dear to a school girl's heart—Delicious Soda, Huylers' Candy and every kind of Toilet article needed.

*BUNTING & SON*  
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Cook  
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The cleanest  
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# V. I. GIRLS

*will find in our store just the kind of Footwear a  
College Girl's heart so much desires :: :: ::*

DAINTY—EXQUISITE—PERFECT-FITTING

————— WE KNOW HOW TO FIT OUR SHOES —————

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*"The Home of Footwear for College Girls"*

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————— Greetings to V. I. Students from —————

**COTRELL & LEONARD**

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**CAPS AND GOWNS**

To the American Colleges, Universities and advanced schools from  
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*Class Contracts a Specialty*  
CORRECT HOODS FOR DEGREES



*Rich Gowns for  
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The Place to Buy Your  
**HARDWARE, RANGES, VEHICLES**  
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*WE MOVE ANYTHING*

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MANUFACTURERS OF

**PLAIN and FANCY  
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Everything New and Up-to-Date. Prompt  
Shipment to all points. Prices reasonable  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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**DRUG**  
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*Sixth Street Corner*

*We Sell Everything Any Drug Store Sells*

*We Offer Every Modern Comfort*

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is an appeal to the palate as well as the pocket book, affording **QUALITY EQUIVALENT TO BEST BUTTER AT HALF THE COST!**

Does not get rancid  
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*Our Motto: Quality*

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**FISH and GAME  
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**After-Theatre Parties Our Specialty**

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to  
R. & G. Corsets } \$10  
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Dorothy Dodd Shoes  
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A superb showing of  
fine Millinery

*in fact, Every Department is full of New Merchandise  
at the most Reasonable Prices*

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*"Buy from Us and Bank the Difference"*

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A Visit will be Appreciated

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*Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back*

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Everything in Lumber for the Builder

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### Booksellers Stationers and Engravers

HEADQUARTERS for College Stationery, Pennants, Banners, Pillow Tops, Posters, College Pins and Fraternity Emblems, Picture Frames, Artist Materials, Kodaks and Supplies, Alcohol Stoves, Chafing Dishes, Leather Goods and Novelties.

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IN A HAT IS A MATTER  
of Shape, Finish and Color

The QUALITY Line  
Embraces These Essentials

## TAYLOR-CHRISTIAN HAT COMPANY

Manufacturers and Distributors

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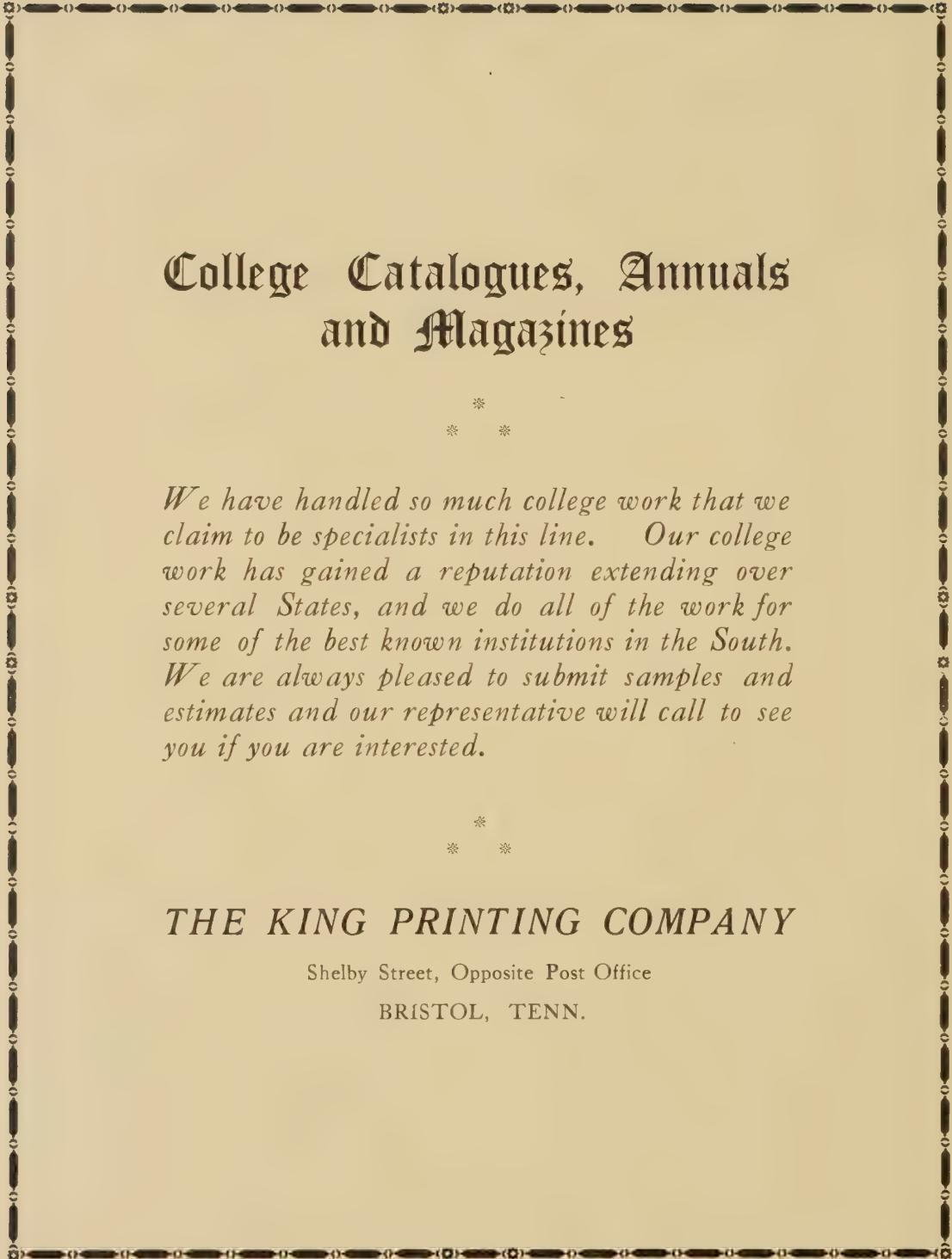
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### FINE STATIONERY

*Box Paper, Tablets*

*School Books and*

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## College Catalogues, Annuals and Magazines

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